The Australian
Over 600,000 Copies Sold Every Week

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Registered in Australia for transmission by post as a newspaper.
March 3, 1945
PRICE
3d.



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4726750

HOW WE GET OUR WOMEN

A MAN TELLS SOME SECRETS OF THE MASCULINE APPROACH

By JOHN KENYON



I KNOW you girls like to think that falling in love is a romantic and unexpected affair, and that any manoeuvring that has to be done is done by you.

So you think. I noticed that last week Francesca Rintel suggested that you really decide yourselves whether you want us to propose, and arrange it accordingly.

Well, I must disappoint you by confessing that we men plan the whole thing. In fact, we plan our campaign long before you ever dare to think we might propose.

We have so many tried "lines," so many approaches that it is like buying a new hat: we carefully choose the right-fitting one!

When we meet a girl we sum her up. We ask ourselves: Is she the gooey, romantic type, the sportswoman, the sophisticate, the Little Mother, or just the very common out-for-a-good-time two-timer?

Having settled that, then a campaign is plotted with fiendish glee and anticipation.

The average attack works like this:

Having met a girl at a party the man leaves her alone for an hour or so, and while she is dancing with her escort he looks at her often.

She is flattered to death and thrilled, so that when he walks across to her later, glancing from her feet to her head quickly (and pausing for a longer second on her face—if he can stand the shock) she feels a bit limp with excitement.

This mental condition is just perfect; she is receptive, hungry for the natural female conquest, and will not recognise his faults so quickly.

They dance, and he says practically nothing, except to hum in a disgustingly bad (but resultful) imitation of Sinatra.

He leaves it at that to keep her guessing, and when they meet again, and, with tongue in cheek and with a forgive-me-for-I-am-about-to-lie feeling, he says, looking down boyishly (up to 55 years), "You know, you're"—(five seconds pause for effect and to bring her blood pressure up)—"lovely."

And he takes it from there . . .

At the beginning he is careful not to be over-amorous, so that she is incapable of picturing him as a great lover.

Then suddenly, at a chosen moment, he kisses her with all his pent-up strength and she feels as though she has been through a wringer.

And every woman loves to feel as though she has been through a wringer.

The man does not telephone the girl too frequently, which prevents her from taking him for granted, and times his calls to reach her just when she is at the bursting-for-the-sound-of-his-voice stage.

He knows that if she is a sensible girl she will not make the mistake of ringing him up too often in the beginning, and he knows that if he does too much telephoning early she will tell all her girl friends that he simply will not leave her alone.

He makes decisions for her sharply and firmly, and, although his wild guesses are generally wrong, he still gives the impression of being a strong man to lean on.

He remembers, in the beginning, anyway, to comment on the girl's frock, even if it looks like grandmother's nightie, and does not complain about the madness of her hats.

He may have a good deal to complain about in this respect—hats, I mean—but it is not yet time to ask, "What's that fool thing you've got on your head?"

That will come later, when, if he marries her, the fact that he has to pay for them will make him more critical of the curious things women mistake for headgear.

When inviting her to go places he always suggests "somewhere quiet, where we can be alone."

This is not only more economical, but flatters the poor girl, who eats a hamburger, and looks into his eyes soulfully, when she could have held out for Chicken Maryland.



His hand always slips across the table between meat and sweets courses and squeezes hers, and when he lights her cigarette he steadies her hand with his great big brown, manly hambone.

Boyishly he asks her to help him choose a tie (and all men know that women just cannot choose ties), then later a shirt, and asks her opinion on his suits.

Any intelligent man knows how to ask for this advice without really being landed with a perfectly repulsive shirt or tie. And in this way he can train her to have some sensible ideas about his clothes so that when married she will be able to do his shopping usefully.

He lets her know when he has a headache or a pain, so that she can minister solace and first-aid. This brings out the mother in her.

He writes her little notes, on good paper, artistically penned, but carefully worded to avoid any entanglements. He says, "Darling, I miss you. What have you been doing, thinking?"

As if he did not know. He spatters kisses across the bottom of the sheet.

He does not swear and always wears his hat high on one side so that she can see he still has plenty of wavy hair.

If she starts to ask difficult questions (and she always does) he puts his forefinger to her mouth gently and shakes his tanned head slowly.

Oh, dear, when I think just how effective that is, and how many awkward moments it glosses over!

He talks about other girls to keep her jealous and interested in conquering (ha, ha!) him, but remembers occasionally to point out how much lovelier she is than Jane, Maureen, or Sybil.

He wears the suit she likes, and ties his neckties loosely so that she will have an opportunity to tighten them for him.

If she has a cold or wants to have a cry (just for the heck of it) he passes her his big white handkerchief and tells her to keep it.

He feeds her with romantic pap, then turns prosaic to make her unsure; kisses only when he can be thorough; talks of love life in an abstract way in which she immediately includes herself, and gives presents frequently because every woman is covetous.

And that is how we do it!



"SPARKLING 22"
A Special Message . . .
Introducing to the thousands of ESCAPADE LIPSTICK users a new Spring and Summer shade . . . "SPARKLING 22".
This glorious new colour being a natural red . . . gives sparkling life to the lips.

Escapade Lipstick is made under licence and from the formula of one of America's foremost cosmetic manufacturers. Made in two sizes.

Escapade

THE THOROUGHBRED OF LIPSTICKS



Careers for GIRLS & LADIES

Here is YOUR Opportunity to help fill the places being vacated by men. STOTT'S can prepare you—successfully—in the privacy of YOUR OWN HOME. Without any obligation whatsoever. SEND THE COUPON for particulars of any of the following courses:

Shorthand, Typing	Handwriting
Bookkeeping (Farm)	Nurses' Entrance
Station, Mercantile)	Commercial Art
Accountancy	Dressecutting and
Story Writing	Designing
Journalism(Finance)	Shirt Clerks
Advertisement, Wtg.	University Exams.
Showcards, Tickets	Correspondent
Draftsmanship	Mail Order
Architectural Work	Window Dressing
Commercial English	Salesmanship
Com. Arithmetic	Engineering (Diesel,
General Education	Motor, Radio, &c.)

Stott's Correspondence College

180 Russell Street, Melbourne; 147-149 Castlereagh Street, Sydney; 290 Adelaide Street, Brisbane; 56 Grenfell St., Adelaide.

— Mail This Coupon: Cut Here —

TO STOTT'S (Nearest Address, see list). I should like details of your course/s in

.....

MY NAME

ADDRESS

A.W.W.145 AGE



Verm-x spray is SUDDEN DEATH to flies, mosquitoes, silverfish, moths, bugs, fleas, cockroaches and other insect pests. Though deadly to insects, Verm-x is harmless to humans, pleasantly perfumed and non-injurious to the most delicate fabrics.

Most of the Verm-x now being made is going to the forces, but limited quantities are available for civilian use. Some retailers may not have Verm-x, but it's certainly worth searching for . . . it's BETTER THAN EVER!

Ready for use in 8 oz., 16 oz., Pint, Quart and Gallon sizes.

VERM-X INSECT SPRAY

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4726751



By . . .
DWIGHT MITCHELL WILEY

HERE COMES THE BRIDEGROOM

YOU don't need to worry about old Bill," Ensign Smith said. "Bill's fine." He grinned. He told them, "What a guy!"

Professor and Mrs. Griswold edged closer. Their daughter, Barbara, who was Mrs. Bill, was already as close as she could get, leaning upon the ensign's every word.

The ensign assumed a reminiscent, South Pacific look. "Bill was certainly the life of the sick bay."

"We didn't even know what was the matter with him until afterwards," Professor Griswold said.

"Well, I guess he didn't want to worry you about a little shell splinter," Ensign Smith said. "It certainly didn't slow him down for long."

"He was in hospital five weeks, wasn't he?" Professor Griswold asked.

"In and out," Ensign Smith said. He seemed to feel that this remark was humorous. He said it again, "In and out."

It was just then that Carmen, the cook, announced dinner, and they all moved in to do justice to the meal prepared for the occasion. It was indeed a special occasion, for Ensign Smith, stepping off in Tucson between trains, was the first direct contact they had had with Bill Hatch in five months.

Although the Griswolds were very closely related to Bill by marriage, none of them could be said to know him very well, including Barbara. Barbara, of course, had had a somewhat better chance of getting acquainted than her mamma and father, having been with Bill on a honeymoon. But, since they had met at twenty minutes to nine one evening and been married at a quarter to seven the next, and Bill had been shipped off to the wars again five days later, you can see how everyone would welcome Ensign Smith, who was a friend of really long standing.

The fact that Barbara had been wooed and won with such rapidity had not been the shock to Professor and Mrs. Griswold that it might have been to many parents. It is true that until the abrupt advent of William Hatch, their daughter had spent practically all her time improving her mind while wasting her looks, both of which were considerably above the average. But, while Barbara's time in the matrimonial event, or dash, was good, she had been unable to claim any more than a tie with her mamma, who had met and married the professor, then sergeant, with equal celerity just before he sailed for France.

After dinner they went back into the living-room, and then Ensign Smith went innocently out into the hall, where his bag was, to get some photographs he had taken round the hospital. He thought it would be nice to show them to the Griswolds, who were being so cordial.

"Here's one of old Bill," he said, sorting them over. "Just after they started letting him up."

He handed the picture to Barbara, who looked at it, then handed it to her mamma, who looked at it too. Then Barbara and her mamma looked at each other.

"Bill certainly doesn't look very weak, does he?" the ensign asked gaily.

"Well," Barbara said. "Too weak to stand up alone, at least."

"Huh?" Ensign Smith asked. "Oh, that was his nurse."

"Or maybe she was the one who was weak," Barbara said. "Or maybe it was both of them, and they had to lean on each other to keep from falling down."

"Oh. Ha-ha-ha," Ensign Smith said.

"Let me see it?" Professor Griswold asked. He took the picture and looked at it and whistled. "Wow," he said, "I never had luck like that in France."

Professor Griswold's women, who had been looking at each other, now turned and looked at the professor.

"Here's one I took on the hospital roof," Ensign Smith said. "Bill's certainly brown, isn't he? Hotsy used to take him up——"

"Who?" Mrs. Griswold asked.

"Oh, Miss Hotsford. Bill just called her that. Australian girl. She——"

"And Bill just called her Hotsy?" Mrs. Griswold asked.

"You heard him, mamma. Hotsy!" Barbara said.

She took the picture. It was a picture of Bill and his nurse seated on a mattress. Bill was brown, all right, but, if he had been present at the moment, he would not only have been brown, but burnt to a crisp.

"Let me see some more," Barbara said.

Ensign Smith was sorting through the photographs. With his weather eye, in his Navy way, he began to sense a change in atmospheric conditions. The barometer had begun to fall, and Smith began to know why, but he didn't know what to do about it. He had taken those snapshots only with the idea of taking snapshots, but it now seemed, going through them, that every time he had aimed his camera at old Bill, little Hotsy had also been in the lens.

"Oh, they're just a lot of picturgs," he said.

If he showed them any more he was going to get Bill badly fouled up.

He was sure everybody concerned was as innocent as a baby, or at least a half-grown child, but it was a very tough spot.

He now came upon a group. It was a group, at least.

"Here's a group," he said, not looking at it very closely. "Silly convalescent party we had."

Barbara took the picture. "Hotsy in a grass skirt," she told her mamma. "The one with the big legs Bill has his arm round."

"H'm'm," Mrs. Griswold said, taking the picture.

"Let me see it," Professor Griswold said, but she was already passing it back to Ensign Smith.

"Don't you even care what happens to me in the dark, miles from anywhere?" Barbara demanded.

"And what did she call him?" Barbara asked Ensign Smith.

"Who? Oh, Miss Hotsford? Oh, I don't know. Just ensign or something, I guess."

He knew that she actually called Bill "Bill-O" in her informal way, but he didn't think this was the place for it. He felt he had to say something, but he didn't know what.

"Very religious girl," he said. "Lots of very religious girls out there. Funny, isn't it?"

"Hilarious," Barbara said. "It's so hilarious I could spit."

"And you know how it is round a hospital," Ensign Smith said, a little vaguely.

Professor Griswold had picked up the picture and was examining it with some attention. "Wow," he said at last. "I wonder why Bill never mentioned her in his letters?"

"No doubt she was a military secret," Barbara said.

"Put it down now, George," Mrs. Griswold said.

After the professor had said "Wow" again, there was a little silence, and shortly after Ensign Smith took his leave.

As he kicked himself vigorously down the street he wished that he had stayed amidst the shot and shell where he belonged.

"Well!" Mrs. Griswold said after the door closed.

"I'd like to kick his teeth out," Barbara said. "The grinning animal."

"The life of the sick bay," Mrs. Griswold said. "Fine thing."

"Oh," Professor Griswold said. "Kid had his picture snapped in the hospital with his nurse, that's all. Who would you want him snapped with? One of the interns? Now, look, Barbara——"

"I'll fix him," Barbara said. "I'll fix that Mr. Hatch."

Please turn to page 23

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4726752

THE PENALTY

By Australian author

MARY STEVENS

FOUR o'clock. The Major would be here in ten minutes. Captain Keller did not look forward to the interview with his superior officer. "One brass hat is like another," he thought, while he paced up and down, waiting for the staff car to arrive.

The Captain was "fed up" with his job, tucked away in this Yugoslavian village, where three of his predecessors had been shot by partisan snipers during the last two months. And you couldn't even get at the blighters. They were sitting up there in Ilidice, behind that bare, white mountain, in a position where everyone approaching made a perfect target, even at night.

A successful attack would need heavy artillery support and a much larger force than he had at his disposal. That's what he would tell the Major. Though, of course, it wouldn't be any use. The Major would insist that there must be a way to oust the partisans from Ilidice. And there just wasn't a way. Or was there? . . .

Captain Keller stopped in his stride.

Of course there was. Not on the surface, but underground. The Captain smiled. "Go underground to beat the underground—what a joke!" he thought.

His mind flashed back over fifteen years when, as a schoolboy, he had spent one long summer in this neighborhood. He had made friends with Jan Kostic, the son of the schoolteacher. Jan was crazy about exploring the enormous limestone caves which undermine the whole district like a rabbit warren. Part of the caves were open to tourists, others were hardly explored at all.

They had roamed through the caves and at the end of the summer, as a supreme proof of his friendship, Jan had shown him a passage he himself had discovered. Fritz Keller could still remember how Jan had sworn him to secrecy in a complicated ceremony. What romantic fools they had been!

The Captain prided himself on his excellent memory. He was sure he could still find the way to the narrow gallery which ended half a mile outside Ilidice in a small gully. From there they could easily get into the back of the partisan fighters and destroy the machine-gun post on the mountain top domineering the road. The village was small and the post would not be very strong.

"Where is this man Kostic now?" was the Major's first question when Keller explained the situation.

"I was told he left the district a long time ago. Nobody here will suspect that any German has ever heard of the passage. There is only one danger. If we should not succeed in surprising and silencing that M.G. post, we haven't much chance of getting back."

"It will be your job to see that you do silence the M.G. post. I am surprised at you, Keller. A German officer should never even consider the possibility of failure."

Three days later the raiding party started out from the village. Keller had found it difficult to pick a sufficient number of suitable men, as only experienced climbers could attempt the passage through the caves. In addition to standard equipment, they all had torches.

The road was deserted and lay glaring white in the sunshine. Only an old woman was moving round in her yard, burning rubbish.

Captain Keller sneered:

"Good idea to clean up here once in a while. A pity we can't burn the whole filthy place."

They reached the gate at the cave entrance. Captain Keller unlocked it and then gave his men last instructions.

"At first we follow the footpath until we reach the lake. Be careful to stick to the path and don't drop your torches. After we've crossed the lake the actual climbing starts. If one of you meets with an accident and can't go on he'll be left behind. We have no time to waste on the rescue. So watch your step. Now follow me."

The first part of the expedition was uneventful, and Keller was free to think back of the previous occasions when he had been in the caves with Jan.

He had paid another visit to the caves five years later, but it had been a casual one. There had been other and more amusing things to do. He had really looked forward to meeting Jan again when he passed through the district on a walking tour, but he had been disappointed. His friend was away, serving with the Army. But there was Anka, Jan's kid sister.

She was a sweet and pretty little thing. Pity she should take his lovemaking so seriously. Of course, he had never thought of marrying her and ruining a promising career for the sake of a pretty country girl. It was unfortunate that she couldn't see his point of view.

Here they were at the lake. From now on he had to concentrate on the route. He left the path, and walked carefully over the rocks along the edge of the lake, the men following in single file. Here was the spot where they had to wade through the water. It was icy-cold and when the men assembled on the other side they were shivering.

The climb that followed gave them ample occasion to get warm. It was a hard job. Loaded with heavy equipment, they had to climb over sharp rocks in the uncertain light of their torches. Often after reaching the top of a steep slope they had to go down again on the other side.

After four hours the Captain stopped at a small platform and addressed his men.

"From here on we have to crawl flat on our bellies. The gallery is too narrow for anything else. And we have to move backwards because the opening at the end is two yards above the ground. I'll go first."

Twenty minutes later Captain Keller saw the first shimmer of daylight. Another half-hour and all his men would be out in the gully where they could hide and rest until it was dark enough to attack Ilidice.

He was hanging half-way out of the gallery, his feet feeling for the ground, when suddenly he felt himself grabbed from the back, and a rough hand pressed over his mouth. The next moment he found himself tied and gagged, without any means of warning his men of the trap.

In helpless rage he saw them overpowered one by one. When the last one was disposed of, one of the partisans gave a sharp whistle. A man appeared from behind a large rock, a tall, lean, and sunburnt fellow.

Keller threw one look at him and held his breath. The man was Jan Kostic.

With a gesture he ordered his followers to remove the German soldiers with the exception of Keller.

"I have waited ten years for this day. Since I learnt what you did to Anka I've been praying that we meet again. Few men have such an excellent chance to serve their country and get even with a personal enemy at the same time.

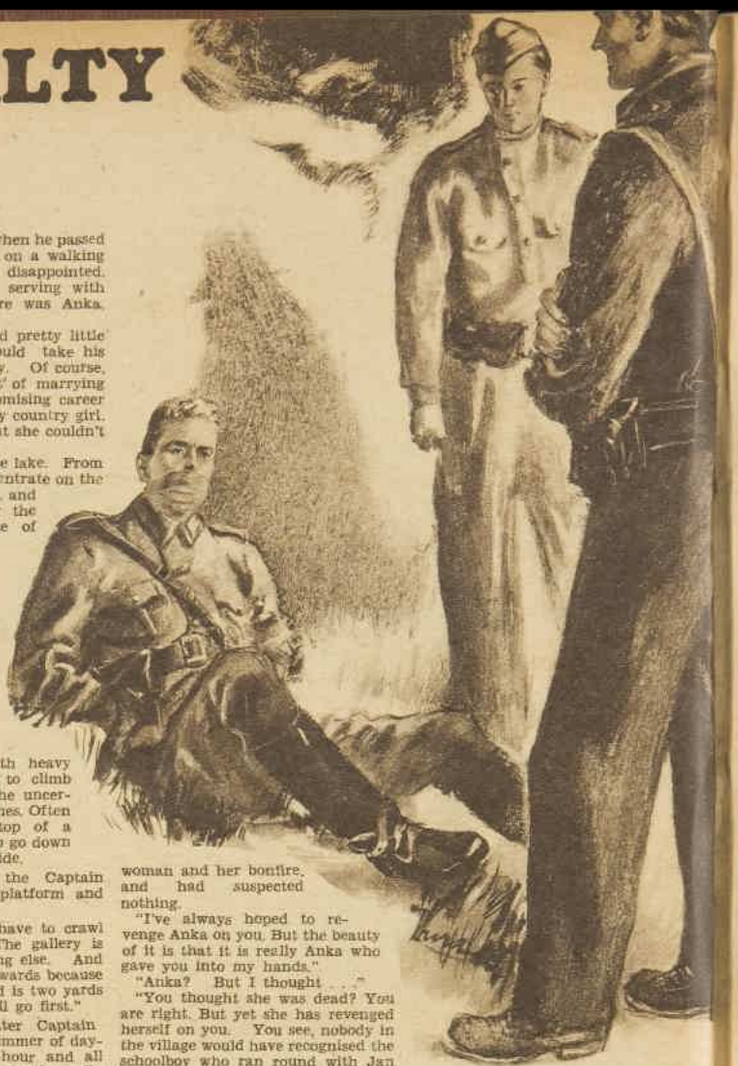
"When I heard from the villagers that you were in charge down there I thought you might remember our passage one day, so I made my arrangements and waited. To-day I got the smoke signal that you were on your way. Simple, isn't it?"

Keller winced. He had seen the woman and her bonfire, and had suspected nothing.

"I've always hoped to revenge Anka on you. But the beauty of it is that it is really Anka who gave you into my hands."

"Anka? But I thought . . ."

"You thought she was dead? You are right. But yet she has revenged herself on you. You see, nobody in the village would have recognised the schoolboy who ran round with Jan Kostic fifteen years ago. But they all loved Anka. That's why they remembered the man who broke her heart." (Copyright)



"I have waited ten years for this day," the big man said curtly.

Try RITA HAYWORTH'S
beauty care—it works!



Columbia Star, now in "Cover Girl"



"Lux Toilet Soap really makes skin lovelier."

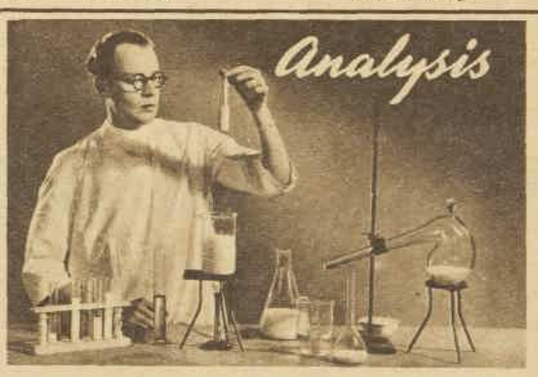
"This beauty care leaves it feeling smoother, softer, looking so fresh," says this lovely star. Just prove what this fine white soap can do for you! Use it as a quick freshener during the day, take a regular bath in its creamy lather. You'll never want to go back to anything else.

9 OUT OF EVERY 10 FILM STARS USE LUX TOILET SOAP

A LEVER PRODUCT LT.132.27

VIM
Polishes as it cleans...
Keeps pots and pans shining

A LEVER PRODUCT 7.103.31



ANALYSIS of ingredients in medicines should be from two points of view.

First, it should be determined that every ingredient earns its place in the formula.

Second, after determination of ingredients, nothing but chemicals and drugs of *British Pharmacopoeia* quality should be employed.

In SIL-oMAG antacid powder both these aspects have been considered and a *balanced* preparation has been evolved. SIL-o-MAG antacid powder is a very valuable compound designed to alleviate the discomfort arising from flatulence, indigestion, acidity and dyspepsia.

SIL-o-MAG not only swiftly neutralises acid, but has a sustained action which is particularly valuable in the avoidance of early morning dyspeptic pains.

In the Red and Blue Carton



SIL-o-MAG
ANTACID POWDER
2/6 EVERYWHERE

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4726753

UNCLE DAVY'S HAT

By . . .

MARGERY SHARP



THE boy from Pittsburgh and the boy from Texas and the boy from Charleston leaned in a row against the low parapet alongside the lifebelt. It was an odd thing to find, a lifebelt in that quiet London street; not so odd when you looked over the wall and saw the lake on its other side.

A small square lake about the size of a building lot, with a notice saying, Danger, Nine Feet, and a board indicating that it was an emergency water supply. Its tranquil surface reflected the blue sky, a wisp of cloud, and at the farther side three shallow white arches, plaster, against a white wall. It didn't look as though it had anything to do with a war.

The three boys had been talking as they so often did at Pittsburgh, Texas, and Charleston. On the long flights over France and Germany, in the long lounging hours in mess, it was wonderful how these topics never failed. The Texan talked least. He just thought about Texas silently, in detail, for long periods. He said there was a lot of it to think about.

Henry, the Charlestonian, turned round and faced the street. This is Mayfair, he told himself. He had heard his aunts speak of it; they had gone to grand parties there before the last war. Now the tall grey houses looked shabby and battered, but there was a woman opposite selling bundles of asters, and a girl passed by in a red hat, and out of a pretty girl and a bunch of flowers Henry reconstructed a picture of the gayer past.

The other two turned also. They nearly always did things at the same time because they belonged together. They had noticed the same thing with crews of other forts; the whole outfit would be seized with a desire to put the radio on, or have a drink, or play poker, or write home, or just turn round against a wall, all at the same time.

A little girl, who had been reconnoitring their backs, stood still to have a better view of them. She had pink cheeks and wide, thoughtful eyes, like a little girl on a calendar. Her pink mouth quivered.

"What's cookin', good-lookin'?" gasped the little girl.

"What's buzzin', cousin?" responded the Texan gravely.

"What's knittin', kitten?" squealed the little girl.

"What's——" began the Texan and paused, for the next line that came to his mind was not exactly suited to such tender ears. The child executed a standing jump and scampered off.

"Smart girl," said Luke, the boy from Pittsburgh.

They continued to lean. They had twenty-four hours to spend in London. They had been to the American Club, where the ladies were friendly, and told them of shows to see and hospitality if they wanted it, but after all, they felt they would just as soon stick together and wander round a bit and watch the people go by.

The woman opposite sold her asters, some more children ran past towed by a large Airedale. There were uniforms of every nationality, Polish, Czechoslovakian, Fighting French.

Presently there appeared a very old man pushing a barrow, wearing to do it a grey top hat that looked even older than himself. He paused to rest in the sun, blinking his eyelids, stretching his neck this way and that. He looked like Old Man Time—and he had stopped.

All at once two things happened. Henry became aware of a girl also leaning against the wall a little to his right. And the Texan desired to possess that grey top hat.

The impulse was purely aesthetic. He had not been nourished, like Henry, on tales of Edwardian race meetings. He had never studied, like Luke, advertisements of top hats. He just wanted that hat as a child wants a dandelion. And since with the Texan impulse and action were ever one, he immediately stepped across the road.

But Henry stayed where he was, and Luke, momentarily torn, decided to stay also. He, too, had seen the girl. She wore a dark blue Civil Defence uniform, her hair was bright gold, and she looked friendly. She smiled at them, and they grinned back.

"Hello," she said. "Isn't it a lovely day?"

They agreed that it was. They had noticed before how, whenever the British had fine weather, they always drew attention to it. Luke said this was because their weather was mostly bad, but Henry disagreed. He argued that the British liked their weather and took a pride in it, but that was their traditional way of opening a conversation, and on fine days they naturally felt more conversational.

"Where are you from?" asked the girl.

"Pittsburgh, Ma'am," said Luke.

"Charleston," said Henry.

"He's just a rebel," said Luke.

"This is the first time he's ever seen the sun," said Henry.

The girl looked at them as though she liked them.

"Oh!" she said. "I do wish I could ask you in!"

To their surprise, she appeared to be indicating the small square blue lake. Her next words enlightened them.

"We used to live here," she explained. "This is where my home was."

SLIGHTLY taken aback, the boys stared at the lake with a new interest. They hadn't thought of it like that before, hadn't thought of the house that had been crashed down and perhaps the people in it hurt or killed. They said it was too bad. But the girl didn't seem particularly upset. She hitched her elbows on the parapet and nodded across at the three white arches.

"Doesn't it look odd? That was the conservatory wall. When we had parties we used to hang Chinese lanterns on those hooks. And down here"—she peered into the still water—"used to be the kitchen. Cook was furious!"

Both boys wanted to ask whether everyone got out all right, but didn't like to in case they hadn't. They guessed it must have been all right, because the girl seemed so unconcerned. Now, as though dismissing the whole matter from her mind, she turned round and looked across the sunny street and laughed.

"What is your friend doing?" she exclaimed.

Henry followed her glance. The Texan and the ancient man were in the throes of argument—or rather the Texan was arguing, while the other, his head cocked on one side, listened appreciatively as to a song.

"I guess," said Henry, "he wants to buy that hat."

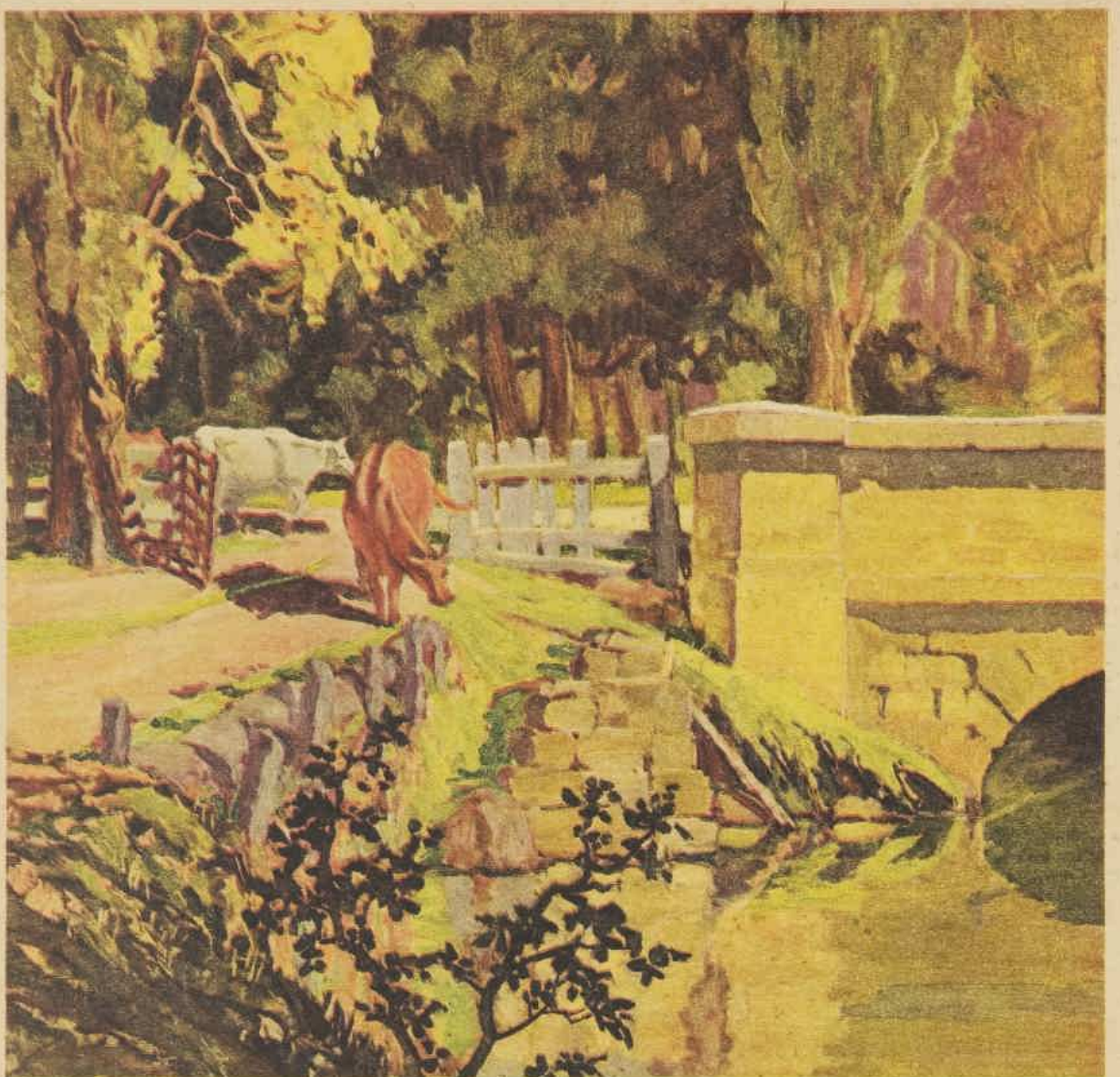
"Uncle Davy's hat!"

Please turn to page 23



"I don't sell my hat," the old man said stubbornly, "not to the Lord Mayor o' London."

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4726754



THE BRIDGE, EAST RISDON, TASMANIA

Full cream milk is used in generous quantities in the making of smooth, creamy Cadbury's Dairy Milk Chocolate. There is no less than a glass and a half of milk in every ½lb. block of Dairy Milk Chocolate. Thousands of gallons are thus used daily in the production of this favourite Chocolate which, of course, today goes largely to Government requirements.

As a reminder of Dairy Milk Chocolate, Cadbury's present this sunny pastoral of cows browsing beside the East Risdon Road near the old freestone Bridge, which carries the date of 1833.



CADBURY *means* QUALITY

DMYP 51

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4726755

OLD SINNERS NEVER DIE

By A. E. MARTIN

HARRY FORD, Postmaster, is blackmailing HELEN SPEEK, declaring that she poisoned her husband, blind TIMOTHY SPEEK, because of her love for GARNET PRICE. Intercepting letters, Ford also caused a misunderstanding between EILEEN MAHONEY and LARRY WARD, and became engaged to Eileen himself.

Larry had mysteriously disappeared, but CARLO BOLDINI, showman, causes his voice to be heard at a seance. Next day, Eileen breaks her engagement to Ford, while the little niece of POLLY GARNER says that she saw Ford opening letters.

Boldini admits to Ford, HENNESSY, schoolmaster, Price and Helen that his performance was a fake, but declares that Larry actually is alive. Others prominent in the story include MRS. MARVEN, hotel proprietress, and DR. HANSEN.

Ford continues his narrative.

THE others were as stunned as I. No one spoke. At last Boldini turned to Hennessy and spread his hands apologetically.

"I am sorry, Mr. Hennessy, that I tricked you."

"It is a lie," I shouted. "It is more of your deceit."

"No," he repeated. "It is quite true. I found Ward quite by chance—half-drowned, almost delirious. He told me many things. He was very sick. I helped him. I am helping him now. He is quite safe."

"I don't believe it," I cried. "You've lied and cheated and you're lying now."

Boldini's attitude suddenly changed. All his foreign mannerisms dropped from him and he strode toward me. He still had the formidable knife in his hand, and with his blazing eyes and big moustaches he cut a menacing figure. I retreated precipitately.

"Why you upstart!" he shouted. "You paltry prig, you puffed-up peacock. I've stood all I'm going to stand from you. You've called me a liar and I've stood it for the sake of peace, but now I'm going to wring your blasted neck, you—you cock-a-hoop."

Hennessy was staring at him in surprise as he stooped to spring at me, but suddenly Price stepped forward and pushed him back with his open hand and began to laugh and laugh. We gazed at him in amazement as he continued to smack Boldini on the shoulder.

"Carlo Boldini," he roared. "Carlo Boldini!" He went off into another peal of laughter. "Why, you old horse thief, you. You took me in, too."

Boldini drew himself up to his full height. "Signor?" he said with dignity.

"Oh, come off it, Charlie Baldwin," Price gasped.

For a second Boldini glared, then the ferocity died out of his eyes and into them came a little twinkle. His mouth opened in a wide grin.

"Oh, well, Mr. Price," he said, "it was all right while it lasted. I knew you, but what made you recognise me?"

"When you lost your temper and called Ford here—a—a cock-a-hoop," Price explained, still spluttering with laughter. "And by the way," he added, "you can put the knife down, Charlie, unless you'd like to carry on and cut the gentleman's throat. I won't object."

I had stood by fuming. When I spoke I made my voice deliberately insolent: "I have no doubt, Price, that it would suit you very well to have me out of the way."

Price looked me up and down contemptuously.

"Listen, Ford," he said slowly and very quietly for a man of his violent nature, "as far as I'm concerned you're a mere worm. You're everything I think a man shouldn't be. You're a blackmailing swine, and if what the little Garner girl says is true, you're something else beside. For some inscrutable reason the Law regards your life as of some value, otherwise I'd be hanged for doing society a good turn and I'd slit your throat here and now and think it a good day's work."

Helen Speek had risen while Price was speaking and seized his arm, striving in vain to restrain him. He had spoken with such studied insult that my blood boiled anew. Without thought of the consequences I shouted: "And I'll tell you something, Price. You may be hanged, anyway." Helen's face blanched as I went on: "Yes, you and your paramour with you—from the same scaffold."

Price hit me. So suddenly that I was taken unaware. He gave me no opportunity to defend myself. I fell backward and Hennessy was only just in time to prevent me falling. Boldini grabbed Price and Helen sat down and began to cry. I was beside myself with rage and pain.

"You and your light-o'-love, there," I screamed, struggling with Hennessy.

I spat the words at Price. "You poisoned Speek. You murdered him in cold blood—the two of you so that you could carry on your filthy intrigue."

"Why, you perjuring——" Price cried, and struggled to get at me as a shadow fell across the doorway, and, all at once, Constable Burke was in the shed standing between us.

"Now, now, gentlemen," he said ponderously. "We can't have this, you know." His stupid face turned from one to the other of us inquiringly; then he asked me, suddenly, as if the words had just registered in his mind: "What was that you said about Speek, sir?"

"Nothing, nothing," Hennessy interposed swiftly. "It is best forgotten."

Price said: "Let the swine repeat it if he dare."

"I dare all right, Price," I said. "You and Helen Speek there killed him." I turned to Burke. "They poisoned him in cold blood."

The constable's eyes blinked.

"But, Mr. Ford," he said, "Mr. Speek shot himself."

I laughed hysterically.

"You have him up, Burke," I cried. "Get the blind man out of his grave and open him up. You'll find how he died all right."

Burke stared at me incredulously. The words at last penetrated his brain and he said heavily: "That's a very serious accusation, Mr. Ford. I think you had better come down to the station with me—that is," he added, "if you're not all having a joke with me."

I laughed shortly. "You fool," I said, "I'm saying that Price and his woman poisoned Speek. Is that plain enough for you?"

He considered it for a moment. "I may be a fool, Mr. Ford," he admitted, unruffled, "but I still can't understand how it could be. At the inquest the jury said he shot himself."

"He was poisoned," I insisted loudly.

"You say so, Mr. Ford," Burke said stubbornly, "but that's not enough. You can't go and dig up graves to look for poison just on anyone's say-so. Especially," he added, "when a man committed suicide by shooting himself."

Hennessy put in a word.

"I think it's all some ridiculous misunderstanding, Burke," he said. "Mr. Ford has had some bad news and he is overwrought. I think it would be wise if we all forgot what we've heard here to-day."

BURKE shook his head. "Begging your pardon, Mr. Hennessy," he said, "but I don't think that's right either. There's something going on here and I don't quite know what. It's making my head go round. People don't just go about making accusations about poison."

"There are all sorts of people," Price said. "Ford is the sort that makes these wild, unsubstantiated statements——"

Burke seized on the word eagerly.

"That's it, sir," he cried, and turning to me, went on: "It's not substantiated, Mr. Ford. You couldn't get an exhumation just on a say-so."

"If that's all you want," I said, "I'll soon fix that. Ask Miss Polly Garner to come back."

Hennessy looked at me as if he thought I was mad, but Burke went to the door without comment and called, "Miss Garner, would you mind stepping this way?"

She came at once and I saw that she was frightened.

"Listen, Miss Polly," I said quickly, before anyone could speak. "I release you from your promise. I want you to tell the constable that you saw Speek before he died and that he said 'Ward—poison'."

She looked wildly about her and would have run from the room, but I intercepted her.

"You heard Speek say 'Ward—poison'," I persisted, keeping my eyes fixed on hers. "Didn't you? Didn't you?"

"Oh," she burst into tears. "Mr. Ford, please don't make me say it." She sat down beside Helen and buried her face in her hands.

Burke's cowlike eyes followed her but he said nothing. I don't think he could think of anything he could say, and Hennessy watched her in bewilderment. I turned to Price.

"There's a witness to hang you and your woman, Price," I cried, "because she saw Speek before he died. He was in agony and he said 'Ward—poison' before he expired. He said that because you and Helen Speek had quarrelled with him only a few moments before, and all the while you were present, because he was blind, he imagined you were Larry Ward. Now, Burke, have you got that into your thick head?"

The constable rubbed his chin with stubby fingers.

"It's all very confusing," he said, and just then there was a knock at the door and a man's voice called: "Can I come in? They tell me I will find Mr. Ford here?"

At the voice Polly Garner sat up, startled. We all turned and looked at the stranger. He was a middle-aged, well-knit, well-groomed, good-looking fellow with calm, clear eyes that swept from one to other of us.

"This is Mr. Ford," Hennessy said with a gesture of his hand.

"Oh!" The newcomer came forward. He looked me up and down with annoying deliberation and without speaking. Then he went to Polly and to everyone's surprise she sprang up and threw her arms about him, sobbing on his shoulder.

"There, there, my dear," he said, and standing with his arm about her he turned again, to me. "My name is Welldayl," he said. "I think you may remember it."

Vaguely I recalled it.

"Yes," I said curtly, "but we are busy——"

"I think we should know each other, Mr. Ford," he said, unperturbed, and ignoring my words. "I am sure you will be interested to know that my wife is dead. I have come here to marry Miss Polly Garner."

I was unable to hide my surprise. Now I remembered the name, Welldayl! The signature to Polly's registered letter and the cheque that came with it.

Please turn to page 12



Old Craven grinned, seeing the startled look on Ford's face as the girl kissed him.





MADE BY THE MAKERS OF NILE ATHLETIC SINGLETS AND UNDERPANTS

NILE HANDKERCHIEFS

Manufactured by Pioneer Softgoods Industries Pty. Ltd. 134 Broadway, Sydney

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4726756

Gelatine Cookery is Exciting . . .



Davis Dainty Dishes

enable you to prepare simple, everyday foods in new ways. With the aid of Davis Gelatine, food has more than food value—it has delicate flavour, colour, eye appeal and shimmering freshness to awaken interest and whet the appetite, and so the food does you more good. You really enjoy a Davis Dainty Dish, it's exciting to make, pretty to look at, and delicious to eat.

APPLE AND TOMATO SALAD
(Six Servings)

2 dessertspoons Davis Gelatine dissolved in ¼ cup hot water, ½ cup orange juice, ½ cup salad dressing (no oil), salt, pepper, 2 large tomatoes, 1 apple, 2 large bananas, sugar, chopped parsley.

Mix together dissolved gelatine, orange juice, salad dressing, add salt and pepper if needed to flavour. Leave to thicken. Slice tomatoes, apple and bananas, arranging in layers in a mould with chopped parsley and a sprinkling of sugar between. Add the salad dressing mixture carefully. Serve with lettuce.

TOMATO BRAWN
(Six Servings)

2 dessertspoons Davis Gelatine dissolved in ¼ pint hot water, ½ pint tomato pieces and juice, 2 slices onion, 2 cloves, pinch of herbs, 1 teaspoon sugar, salt and pepper, about ¾ pint cooked minced meat.

Heat tomato pieces and juice with the onion, cloves, and herbs to boiling point. Remove from fire, add dissolved gelatine, sugar, salt and pepper to taste. Rub through a coarse sieve. Add cold meat, minced or cut into thin pieces. Place in a mould. Serve with salads as available.

If you would like the famous collection of Davis Gelatine recipes which are such a boon in meal planning, write for "Davis Dainty Dishes" and enclose 2½d. stamp for postage. Special folders, "Meals For Little Folk" and gelatine recipes for the diabetic diet are also available. If one of these would be of particular interest to you, mention it when writing for "Davis Dainty Dishes."

Department W
DAVIS GELATINE
Sydney: G.P.O. Box 3583S – Melbourne: G.P.O. Box 4058 – Brisbane: G.P.O. Box 758K
Adelaide: G.P.O. Box 712F

When a recipe says Gelatine, it means DAVIS GELATINE

LAMB IN MINT JELLY—Illustrated
(Six Servings)

3 teaspoons Davis Gelatine, ¼ cup hot water, ½ cup mint leaves, ½ pint boiling water, 2 tablespoons sugar, 3 tablespoons vinegar, salt, pepper, cold lamb cut in thin pieces (about 2 cups) 6 or more small tomatoes, 1 carrot, onion, gherkins or salads available. (½ cup grated raw beetroot may be added if liked. It makes the dish pink but very tasty).

Bruise mint leaves, sprinkle with a little sugar, chop roughly, add boiling water and sugar; cool, add vinegar and gelatine dissolved in hot water, salt and pepper to taste. When cold, strain. Arrange small tomatoes or slices in a mould or basin with onion, carrot and gherkin. To decorate, dip slices of carrot and gherkin in liquid mint jelly and press to the sides of the mould. Arrange meat with salads, sprinkle lightly with salt and pepper, carefully cover with the mint jelly, a spoonful at a time. Unmould and garnish with lettuce and salads.

GREEN PEA SALAD
(Six Servings)

3 teaspoons Davis Gelatine, ¼ cup hot water, 2 dessertspoons sugar, pinch of salt, ½ cup liquid in which peas were cooked, 1 hardboiled egg (or more if available), ½ cup chopped mint, 1½ cups cooked peas, ½ cup diced cooked carrot.

Dissolve gelatine in hot water, add sugar, salt, liquid in which peas were cooked and vinegar. Place a little in the bottom of a mould. When firm arrange slices of hardboiled egg; cover with a little more gelatine liquid. Add mint to the gelatine mixture. Arrange alternate layers of peas, carrot and sliced egg in the mould. Carefully cover with the mint mixture. Serve on lettuce with salad dressing.

APPLE SNOW
(Six Servings)

3 teaspoons Davis Gelatine, ¼ cup hot water, ½ pint cold stewed apple pulp, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 tablespoons cold water.

Dissolve gelatine in hot water, add sugar and lemon juice and cold water. Stir into apple pulp. Beat it with an egg whisk until the mixture is thick and able to hold its shape. Place in a serving bowl.

HONEY MILK VELVET
(Six Servings)

3 teaspoons Davis Gelatine, ¼ cup hot water 2 tablespoons honey, ¾ pint milk, 1 junket tablet dissolved in 1 tablespoon cold water.

Dissolve gelatine in hot water, add honey and stir into ½ pint milk. Boil the balance of the milk, remove from fire, stir gradually into the cold milk, add essence, place in serving bowl and stir in the dissolved junket tablet. Leave to set.

HONEY JELLY
(Six Servings)

2 dessertspoons Davis Gelatine, 3 tablespoons honey or more according to flavour, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, ½ pint hot water, ½ pint cold water.

Dissolve gelatine in hot water, add honey and lemon juice. Add cold water. Pour into a mould. This recipe is an excellent base for jellying fruits, such as bananas, oranges, peaches, etc.

ORANGE HONEY DESSERT
(Six Servings)

2 dessertspoons Davis Gelatine, ¼ cup hot water, ½ pint orange juice, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, piece of rind, 2 tablespoons honey, 1 tablespoon sugar or more to taste.

Dissolve gelatine in hot water. Place sugar in saucepan with ¼ cup cold water, lemon rind and juice. Stir and bring to boiling point, remove from fire, take out rind, add honey and gelatine. Stir into the orange juice and place in a mould.
Use orange juice which does not become bitter after standing.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4726757

Blind, deaf Digger makes success of new life





DEAF AND BLIND from scrub typhus caught while fighting in New Guinea, ex-Private Norman Wilkinson finds happiness with his wife and six-months-old baby, Norman Gilbert.

Becomes a skilled potter, has happy home, wife and baby

By BETTY MUDGE

A soldier was sent home from New Guinea two years ago, labelled "Blind and deaf. Handle with care."

To-day he is happily married to a charming, capable girl, has a lovely baby son, and an attractive home. He is well on the way to becoming a fine potter, and laughs about being labelled.

HE can afford to laugh, because, although he is still blind and deaf, he has turned what might have been a tragedy into a success story. He has built a splendid new life on the wreckage of the old.

This soldier, Norman Wilkinson, went off to the Middle East with the Sixth Division in 1940, a high-spirited, happy-go-lucky 17-year-old, youngest in his battalion.

Years of gruelling war and the loss of two of a man's most precious faculties have left him still high-spirited, still happy-go-lucky, and with his colors flying high.

It was scrub typhus that took away his sight and hearing, but could not break this man's spirit.

They soon found a nickname for him at the 113th Australian General Hospital. His unfailing cheerfulness brought him the title "Wendell Willkie," and it still sticks.

Romance came to "Willkie" at the Lady Wakehurst Convalescent Home.

There he met Pat Carder—bright-eyed, alert, sympathetic, with dark curly hair outlining her soft, dimpled face.

Battalion's gift

PAT spent her Monday nights helping to entertain the patients. They were slow to sing until Pat led the way, and then they joined in readily enough.

When Pat and "Willkie" met, his first question was: "Is she married?"

She was not—but she was going to be, five months later, to "Willkie" himself.

When "Willkie's" old battalion heard about it they passed round the hat and sent their former comrade a cheque for £100.

After their marriage Pat and "Willkie" found it impossible to find anywhere pleasant to live. They got their home in response to an appeal over the air, in the Servicemen's Session run by Station 2SM.

It is in a quiet suburban street, and it is a happy house.

The happiness of it came to meet me as I walked up their garden path.



SENSITIVE HANDS begin to mould clay into a vase as the potter's wheel turns. Norman Wilkinson, although blind and deaf, is becoming a fine potter.



SLOUCH-HAT-SHAPED ASHTRAY made by Norman Wilkinson, who is putting it into the kiln to be fired.

Everywhere is lightness and brightness.

A smell of goodies cooking greeted me, and the sound of laughter came from the back lawn, where "Willkie" was playing with his kelpie, Snifter, while baby Norman lay in his pram nearby, gurgling happily.

Snifter is jealous of this intruder. He liked all the attention for himself, and showed his disapproval by gnawing to pieces one of baby's little blue socks.

With a true gardener's touch, "Willkie" apologised for his garden.

"Should have seen it three weeks ago. Looks a bit raffy now."

I looked round and saw that this man without sight had produced potatoes, onions, lettuces, tomatoes, beans, and carrots that any gardener would be proud of.

"Willkie" took a basket heaped with his vegetables to Captain Gilbert Nobbs, of Manly, who was delighted by this gift from one of the many returned blinded men he has helped so much.

When "Willkie" first came back from New Guinea it was some time before anyone taught him the hand-language.

With infinite patience this was done by Mr. Roy Kippax (Kip to the "Willkies"), who has been on the N.S.W. Blind Institute teaching staff for 22 years.

Then came the efforts to learn braille. It was too hard at first, so a simpler method called Moon was taught by Mr. Kippax. No sooner was this conquered than "Willkie" was all eagerness to learn braille.

He became adept, learnt to type, and was soon expert at that, too.

He has his own typewriter fitted with braille keys, and one of his great delights is to type letters to men in his old battalion.

Every now and then he types off a letter to the Commissioner for Repatriation, just so that he can see for himself how well this returned man is getting along.

Repatriation's help

PAT "Willkie" learnt hand-language, too. She soon became expert.

Now she is her husband's ears and eyes. She interprets for him everything that happens around him. She reads the papers to him, listens to the radio, and transcribes the words into hand-talk.

Her speed is amazing. With supple, quick, competent fingers she beats swiftly on to his hand. Expressions pass quickly over his face, showing his quick comprehension.

"Willkie" decided to learn pottery.

This was made possible by the Repatriation Commission through the N.S.W. War Blinded Welfare Committee.

Arrangements were made for him to attend the Technical College, and he is driven there by Voluntary War Transport Drivers.

It has been slow, hard work, but well worth it, for recently "Willkie" was successful in his examinations, which means he can go on with his course this year.

Great things are happening in the "Willkie" house.

An electric kiln and a potter's wheel are being installed in a big airy garage turned into a workshop.

The wheel was hard to get, but Mr. Frank Mills, of Mashman Bros., a pottery expert, took a hand and the wheel materialised.

It was thrilling to see "Willkie" at the wheel.

As soon as his hands felt the yielding, pliant clay, he fingered it lovingly. Those sensitive fingers know their work.

"Willkie" said:

"I have never had anything but pleasure from pottery. It is not work to me."

His nostalgia for his old Army mates shows itself in the motifs of his ashtrays. Many of them are miniature slouch hats.

He has hundreds of small articles made by the mould method, waiting to be fired.

Racing has always been a hobby of Norman Wilkinson's, and still is.

He loves the feel of a racecourse.

Loss of sight has not changed any of this.

His wife takes him to race meetings. Tells him in hand-language all that is coming over the loud-speakers. Takes him to see the horses, describes them minutely, and the jockeys, too.

"Norman thrills to it all. He catches the crowd vibrations, senses its excitement, and follows every yard of the race as keenly as any man who can see," said Mrs. "Willkie." "He has small bets, and has average success."

Braille dominoes and draughts provide hours of amusement for "Willkie." Like his braille typewriter and watch, they were provided by the Repatriation Department.

I had never seen a braille watch before. Its hands are exposed, and each quarter-hour is marked by raised dots. "Willkie" tells the time to the minute.

Whenever they can, the "Willkies" head for the sea. "Willkie" loves surfing, revelling in the buoyancy and life of the breakers. He is a keen fisherman, and has good catches from the beach. He likes, too, to take a turn at rowing.

Other success stories

THE story of Norman Wilkinson, told on this page, is an outstanding instance of the way blind men and women to-day are overcoming their affliction.

Men who have lost their sight on the battlefield are still serving their country—behind the lines in war industries. They do jobs such as valve testing, and some are working big lathes in munitions factories all over Australia.

The main essential is to inspire the blind with the idea they can achieve careers for themselves.

One material factor in doing this is a broadcast session for blind performers run by Station 2GB, Sydney, for six years, and compered by Miss Goodie Reeve. This session for blind performers, for which the time is donated by 2GB, is believed to be the only one of its kind in the world.

Blind men and women, hearing people with the same handicap playing in bands, reciting, and giving talks, are inspired to do the same themselves.

Through the session the performers have gained microphone experience, and several musicians have been given regular work.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4726758

Editorial

MARCH 3, 1945

KNOCK-OUT IN PACIFIC

THE whole aspect of the Pacific war has changed in the last few weeks.

The storming of Iwo Jima and the pounding of Tokio, following the freeing of Manila, Bataan and Corregidor, give the impression that the war in the Pacific has been considerably shortened.

For a long time, we have been steeled to the thought that after victory is won in Europe, we should have to endure many long weary months, perhaps years, of fighting before Hirohito was beaten to his knees.

The enemy had captured so much territory—it would take years to clear it all, mile by mile.

But the latest bold thrusts at the heart of the Japanese Empire give us a new vision, a hope that victory may be won, not by the steady liquidation of garrison and occupying troops, but by a knock-out defeat of the Japanese nation at home.

The sphere of action has suddenly moved into regions that, not so very long ago, were beyond the range of Allied arms.

It is significant that a great Allied fleet has approached to within 300 miles of the enemy homeland without tempting the Japanese fleet out to battle.

May there not be at hand victories more decisive than we thought possible for years to come?

Admiral Halsey has given a warning that Japanese industrialists may try to bargain for a negotiated peace. To deal with them instead of achieving unconditional surrender would be "to sentence our grandsons to death," he says

His own recent exploits leave us no doubt that unconditional surrender can be won—and at a date much earlier than we believed.

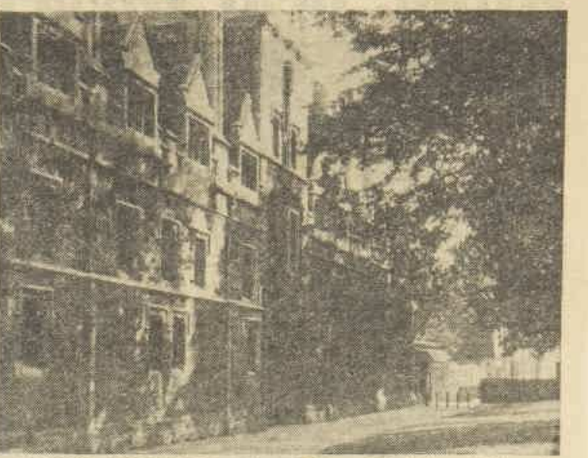
Oxford's first woman professor is eye specialist

Brilliant leader in research to combat post-war blindness

Cabled by ANNE MATHESON of our London staff

As Oxford's first woman professor, Dr. Ida Mann, Harley Street specialist, writes another chapter in the history of the invasion of the famous university by women.

Dr. Mann is giving up for the professorship a practice as an eye specialist worth several times the £2000 a year which she will receive in her new post.



ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, Oxford, founded by an Elizabethan clothier. A speaker from St. John's, at a Union debate in 1938, referred to women undergraduates as "this monstrous regiment of women."

THE new professor went into smoke after her appointment was announced. She took a rest before taking up her duties. It was a rest she deserved after many years of hard work.

From one of my medical friends I learned that Ida Mann is the complete feminine counterpart of the traditional shy professor.

She is a remarkably energetic woman who seems to combine work and pleasure so effectively that it is rare to find her too tired or too busy to turn to much smaller problems that might crop up.

There is nothing of the dour blue stocking about Professor Mann.

Her brown eyes twinkle merrily and there is humorous play around her sensitive mouth, and she is very smartly dressed—mostly in tailor-mades—and has neat, short hair.

She still talks enthusiastically about her visit to Australia in 1938.

The young girl who is her secretary told me how sad her many patients are that she is giving up the practice.

Dr. Mann is intensely fond of children and a great lover of animals. This has led her into two very important branches of her work.

During the war she has been the leader of a group of medical scientists who are preparing to combat on a big scale the threat of blindness in post-war Europe.

On the basis that malnutrition is closely related to impaired vision and eventual blindness, Ida Mann worked out a scheme of research which it is hoped will be ready in time to save the sight of millions in the hungry countries of post-war Europe.

In this scheme Dr. Mann collaborated with doctors, chemists, physicists, and dietitians.

Probably one of her most brilliant operations was the one she did at the Zoo, where she looked after the animals' eyes for many years.

She gave a python a glass eye.

The python was Peter, 6ft. boa-constrictor.

Dr. Mann removed his injured eye so swiftly that the python ate his usual evening meal almost immediately afterwards. She subsequently gave him a glass eye to baffle his admirers.

Born in London, Ida Mann studied at London University, and held many appointments in London hospitals.

She was the first woman surgeon at Moorfields Eye Hospital, the Mecca of all eye specialists.

Until now she has combined her job as Reader in Opthalmology at Oxford with her work at Moorfields and her private practice.



DR. IDA MANN, Oxford's first woman professor, snapped when camping at Wilson's Promontory, Victoria, when she visited Australia in 1938.

Long struggle

IT is 65 years since nine women students were admitted in the face of dire prophecies and tremendous opposition, but even in recent times traces of prejudice have remained.

As recently as 1938 the Oxford Union would not admit women undergraduates as debating members, and one speaker from St. John's College referred to them as "this monstrous regiment of women."

Some months later the union allowed women to be admitted to the new lounge, but only if accompanied by men. This was considered something of a triumph.

In 1933 women had been allowed to take morning and afternoon tea with men students, but it was made quite plain that this decision was purely a financial one.

The new dining-room had cost £1500, and needed the women's support—and pennies. So a special entrance was made for them.

Until recently, no woman student could dine at one of the men's colleges unless accompanied by another woman, and she had to state in writing to her college warden the name of the man with whom she was dining.

Oxford women undergraduates have always had to return there at night half an hour earlier than men, and it is only a few years ago that a 3ft. spiked fence was put round one college to keep students from climbing the roof home.

The first woman to win an Oxford degree was Dr. Eleanor Lodge, sister of Sir Oliver Lodge, famous scientist.

Before that, women students attended lectures wherever they could find a tutor advanced enough to accept them into their classes.

It was not thought fit for women to do the same examination papers as men, and the first woman candidate for mathematics had to have 30 different question-papers set.

It is only 10 years ago that a don expelled women from his class—just because they didn't happen to be men.

So belated was the emancipation of women at Oxford that in 1936 Professor Harold Laski's niece, Marcharita Laski, said it was a bad thing for men that women were admitted to Oxford as students, as men were part of the tradition built up over hundreds of years.

Even chaperons, who went out with the bustle, were in full force in Oxford as late as 1935.

In spite of all the petty restrictions on women at Oxford, however, and all the opposition to their taking degrees and receiving academic appointments, the infiltration of women into the ranks has been steady.

Though Dr. Mann is the first woman professor, there are many women tutors, and there are the principals of the four women's colleges. She herself, as Reader in Ophthalmology, has been a don for the last two years.

Interesting People

DR. DIXON WECTER

. . . Chair of American History

APPOINTED to first Chair of American History established at Australian University, Dr. Dixon Wecter, Professor of English and Huntington Library research editor, University of California, will shortly take up duty at Sydney University. Is graduate of Yale and former Rhodes Scholar. Much interested in problems of returned servicemen, his latest book, "Johnny Comes Marching Home," suggests how these are to be faced.



F/O. CARINE WETTENHALL

. . . pharmacist to R.A.A.F.

FIRST woman pharmacist appointed to R.A.A.F. is Flying-Officer Carine Wettenhall, now working in Victorian R.A.A.F. hospital. Wears Air Force officer's cap and receives same pay as male officers doing same work. Recently transferred from W.A.A.A.F. branch, permanent Air Force, to medical branch, Citizen Air Force.

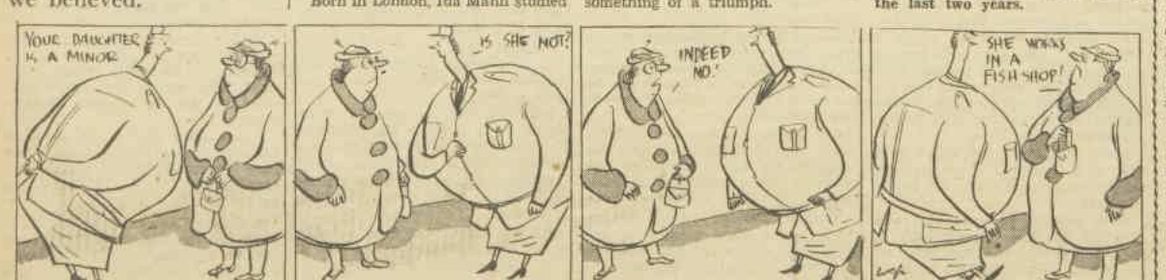


LT.-CDR. P. HIND

. . . salvage service

SALVAGE expert, Lieut.-Commander Phillip Hind, of Royal Navy, has saved R.N. millions of pounds by recovering damaged planes of Fleet Air Arm. Commands salvage service unit of 24 experts, now in Australia, which has salvaged more than 3000 aircraft since war, and put in air again 70 to 80 planes originally written off as total wrecks. "We dive to recover aircraft from sea, search jungle for crashed planes, use rakes to gather up shattered glass to use again," he says.





IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . *By Wep.*

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4726759

"THE TWO TYPES" ARE 8th ARMY FAVORITES



• "Says she chose this in case I've forgotten what it looks like."



• "Don't you dare, sir."

Cartoonist based them on real desert veterans

Cartoons on this page are reproduced from the British Eighth Army's daily paper, "Union Jack." Their characters are known affectionately throughout the Middle East and Italy as "The Two Types."

"THE TWO TYPES" have been with the Eighth Army through all the Desert Campaigns, and they cling to their desert clothes and habits through the battles in Italy.

The man who draws them signs himself "Jon." His real name is W. J. Jones, and he's a Welshman born in the small town of Llandrindod Wells.

He had been a cartoonist on the "Cardiff Western Mail," and had worked in a London advertising agency before he volunteered at the outbreak of war, enlisting in the Coldstream Guards.

It was during the invasion of Sicily that "Jon" first noticed his "Two Types." They were standing on the beach, profoundly undisturbed by the shells bursting round them.

When he later joined the British Army Newspaper Unit, Jones remembered the two he'd seen, and began to draw their adventures, his sketches making an immediate hit in Army papers.

The officer with the black moustache wears a very worn cap of the type supplied by fashionable London hatters to officers of the Rifle Brigade. Battered it is now, but "The Type" wouldn't change it for the nattiest beret in the world.

The blond-whiskered officer wears a black beret, and is obviously an Armored Brigade type.

He wears corduroy trousers and a woollen pullover which hangs way below his white webbing belt. The black-whiskered one has a "bush shirt" or safari jacket which flares like a ballet skirt, and a vivid scarf never allowed for in uniform regulations.

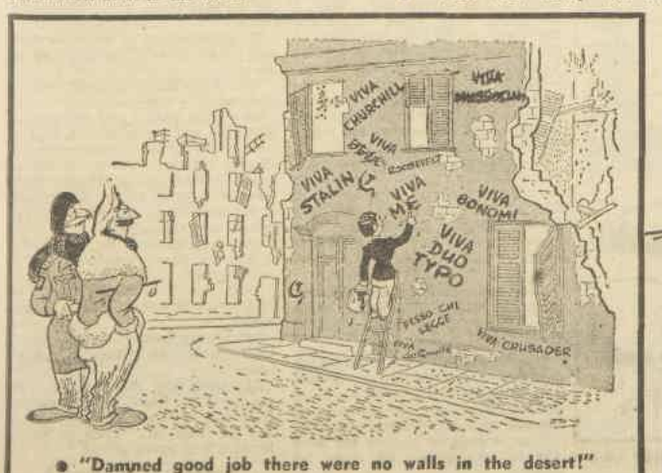
They both still wear the suede boots, rubber-soled, that were ideal for the desert. Their antics and oddities are a healthy sign that the British Army is not too starchy to laugh at itself.



• "It's good to get news of the old home town."



• "Pass the sand, old man."



• "Damned good job there were no walls in the desert!"



• "Gad, sir, we never had such trouble about re-shodding in the Cavalry!"

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4726760

What's on your mind?

Military huts as week-enders

WHEN the war is over many military huts for which there will be no further use might well be re-erected as week-end cabins at holiday resorts.

They would be a boon to people who like to spend an occasional week-end away from home, but either do not desire to stay at a boarding-house or else cannot afford the high rent of furnished flats and cottages at these places.

£1 to K. Richards, Throsby St., Fairfield West, N.S.W.

Jewellery prices

WHY should people with a great deal of money be allowed to pay enormous prices for diamonds and other jewellery when there is a controlled price for buying a house or a car? Personally, I think it would be a good idea if there was a fixed price for jewellery.

5/- to Mrs. C. Abraham, 471 Melbourne Rd., Newport, Vic.

Better than grants

CONSTANTLY we read in our papers of people "demanding" government grants in the nature of marriage loans, maternity grants, old-age pensions, and numerous others. Do these people ever stop to think that these grants inevitably come out of our own pockets in the form of higher taxes?

What is actually needed is an adequate, secure basic wage, to be reviewed annually. This would give the breadwinner pride in his provision, and no wife would worry about working, knowing her man was earning sufficient for the needs of a growing family.

5/- to M. Rixon, 1 Undercliffe Rd., Earlwood, N.S.W.

Compartment for mothers

MRS. A. NICOL (27/1/'45) points out the comfort it would be to mothers if nurseries were established on trains.

It is a pity that something of this nature could not be arranged in trams. Naturally, there could not be nurseries, but a special compartment for mothers and infants would be very handy and very much appreciated.

5/- to L. Cromb, 36 Hawthorn Grove, Hawthorn E2, Vic.

Free distributions

THE distribution of free milk to city school children is indeed a praiseworthy scheme. But what about country children? They are able to obtain plenty of milk certainly, but why not make a free distribution of fruit such as oranges to these children? In many outback areas fruit is almost unobtainable.

5/- to Mrs. J. Canham, Kangaloon, via Bowral, N.S.W.

Cottages for workers

IT would greatly assist the housing problem if factories built cottages for their employees close to the factory, and let them at a reasonable rental.

5/- to Mrs. F. Moore, 1 Darling St., Waverley, N.S.W.

Sex education

A NATIONAL campaign of sex education is vital to the well-being of the rising generation. It is probably Australia's most urgent educational necessity, but will only be fully recognised when Australia's youth in one voice demands it.

5/- to H. Cherry, 19 Victoria St., St. Kilda, Vic.

READERS are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 200 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 9. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-names.

Payment of £1 will be made for the first letter used, and 5/- for others.

The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers to this column, and unused letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Men enjoy gossip

WE often hear men say: "Women love gossip." Most men enjoy gossip themselves, and just as much scandal is circulated by men as by women.

5/- to Mrs. Alma Small, "Uralla," River Ave., Chatswood, N.S.W.

Wake up!

WHY do the male members of the family, generally speaking, always want "calling" in the mornings? Each adult member of a family should shoulder his own responsibility. Even without alarm



clocks, we can train ourselves to get up somewhere near a certain time.

5/- to F. E. Thomason, 166 Victoria St., Waverley, N.S.W.

Legal knowledge

WOULD it not be possible to give the rising generation some smattering of law in the schools? We teach our juveniles algebra and chemistry . . . branches of knowledge more difficult, but far less important, than the subject of law.

We are all bound to obey the law, but the average person has very little knowledge of it.

5/- to Cecil Brown, 8 Victoria St., Leichhardt, N.S.W.

The good listener

MISUNDERSTANDINGS would seldom arise if people would only listen. It is the half-truths, the things that we don't trouble to hear correctly, that cause a lot of unpleasantness in our lives. A good listener, too, is always popular.

5/- to Mrs. B. Morrell, 21 Kenya Rd., Bexley, N.S.W.

Secondary schooling

WHY is it not compulsory to send children to secondary schools? Concessions could easily be made for poorer parents, and even during the war manpower is not so short that it could not do without boys and girls from 14 to 16.

5/- to R. Fowler, Jerralong North, via Morwell, Gippsland, Vic.

Natural speech

AS regards that "Oxford accent"—no one objects to the accent of educated people whether they are Australian or British. It is the affectation of people trying to imitate cultured speakers and only making themselves ridiculous that is objectionable. The so-called accent is only heard from snobs.

5/- to "Aamws."

Safety first film campaign

COULD not schools and picture shows screen films on similar lines to the "Crime Does Not Pay" series in regard to explosives, fire, and similar subjects, which involve injury to children?

This would give extensive instruction to children and parents, and an understanding of the dangers attached to such practices as experimenting with detonators, explosive powders, or playing with fire.

5/- to Mildred Martin, 8 Wingrove Ave., Epping, N.S.W.

Dramatic clubs

I BELIEVE that more encouragement should be given to the forming and establishing of dramatic clubs, where talent can be discovered easily.

Theatres in some suburbs hold "stardom quests" of this nature, and they are always interesting and popular.

5/- to Miss D. Arnold, 120 Salisbury Rd., Camperdown, N.S.W.

Teachers' salaries

UNLESS consideration is given to raising teachers' salaries, there will be a shortage of staffs for schools, even after the war.

It must be remembered that every teacher must spend a large sum at a University or Teachers' College before he or she is qualified. I myself, for instance, am anxious to become a teacher, but my parents will not let me go to the University unless I qualify for a job that is worth my labor and their sacrifice.

5/- to "Schoolgirl," Vaucluse, N.S.W.

Continuing . . . Old Sinners Never Die

from page 7

"NOT only that, Mr. Ford," the man went on calmly. "I have come here for another reason—to be near my child and my fiancee and to protect them." He led Polly to the door. "I hope you'll remember that, Mr. Ford," he said over his shoulder as they walked out together.

When they had gone Boldini spoke. I suppose he had forgotten his confession, for he relapsed into broken English. He said: "If you will please excuse I will go cutta the cake."

Burke made no attempt to detain him.

Hennessy said: "Well, Burke?"

"I don't know what to say," the constable confessed. "I'll have to think this over."

"A very good idea," the schoolmaster agreed. "I think we should all go home and you can advise us what you wish us to do later."

Burke went to the door and, pausing, addressed us ponderously.

"I hope you all understand that this looks a bit serious to me. It sounds fishy—though, if Speek shot himself, where does the poison come in?"

"It's a lot of nonsense if you ask me," Hennessy said.

"I wouldn't go as far as that, sir," Burke said thoughtfully. "No, I don't think it's nonsense, Mr. Hennessy. Mind you, I don't say I believe it, but it's fishy. You see, you're all involved. All but Mr. Hennessy, though even he's a witness to what Mr. Ford said about Mr. Price and Mrs. Speek. And there's Polly Garner!"

"And Larry Ward," Hennessy said.

The constable blinked at him.

"Yes," he said at length, "his name's been dragged in. But we won't get much out of Larry, poor lad."

"I think," Hennessy said, "that you should see Boldini, Burke, and let him tell you where Ward is. You see, Burke, Larry wasn't drowned. He's alive."

I believe it was too much for the constable. He stared at Hennessy almost reproachfully for a second or two, then he turned without a word and walked wearily away.

My cut lip was smarting and the blood was still flowing. No one had attempted to help me. Price was leaning over Helen, comforting her and paying no further attention to me.

"Are you coming, Hennessy?" I asked.

He said: "Er, no, sorry, Ford. I have one or two things——" He broke off in evident embarrassment.

Hennessy, too, I thought. So much for friendship!

I decided I would walk round to Dr. Hansen's and get him to fix up my lip. There was, thank goodness, at least one decent person in the town. Outside, under the trees, I saw Mrs. Marven and Boldini with the children. I heard them laugh at something Boldini said. The Garner brat turned her head and saw me and poked out her tongue.

Walking into the hall I was passing one of the little dressing-rooms and caught a glimpse of my dishevelled self in a long mirror placed against the far wall. As I stood regarding my reflection I heard a voice: "I suppose you know you're looking into a lady's dressing-room?"

I had not noticed the presence of the young person who played the piano for Boldini and helped him in his tricks. She wore no dress and was standing, quite unabashed, in her petticoats, with one limb lifted to a high stool while she buttoned her kid boots.

"Why, you've got blood all over your pretty face," she said. "Come here." Before I could protest she had taken me by the arm, picked up a wet sponge and, pushing me into a chair, was busy wiping my face.

"You're Mr. Ford, aren't you," she chattered. "I'm Flossie La Rue — that's what Boldini calls me. My real name's Jinks. Ain't it awful?" She dried my face with a towel.

"There you are, Toots," she said at length. "Now you look something like a gentleman."

I muttered some thanks.

"That's all right, Toots," she said brazenly. "Thank you," and she tip-toed and kissed me roundly on the lips. I was staggered and turned hastily from her to see old Craven, the caretaker, standing outside the door, grinning at the scene and already anticipating with what relish he would retail the new and meaty scandal.

As I walked to the doctor's I felt mentally confused and physically sick. Hennessy, to whom I had always expected I might turn for sympathy and understanding, had failed me. I had been insulted by Boldini at the breakfast table, miserably jilted by Eileen Mahoney, and assaulted by Garnet Price, while this Wellday person had spoken to me in such a manner that I could regard it in no other light than a threat.

On top of that there was the disturbing accusation of Polly Garner's detestable brat.

And Larry Ward was alive! Heaven knows I had had enough to put up with. The only kindness shown me that day had been by a painted hussy, and even that would have repercussions when Craven began to wag his evil tongue.

I thought again of the man Wellday. In the letter he had written to Polly Garner there had been no mention of his wife's illness. Now, in that cursed provocative way women have, she must up and die, leaving him free. When I thought of Wellday I could scarcely credit that a man of his apparent affluence and breeding could travel all the way to this town to marry a faded little thing like Polly Garner.

All said and done there was no real obligation. His cheques had been sent regularly enough to keep her in comparative comfort. As I saw it, it was scarcely decent to rush from the funeral of one's wife to marry a past light-o'-love. Well, I considered, they would be leaving the town. I had no intention of giving the show away, and that would be the end of the Garner affair.

The doctor was out when I called, but the woman who came in to tidy up and get him the few meals he took at his own house told me she expected him at any minute, and asked me to wait in the drab parlor adjoining the surgery. The door of the surgery was open, and to me, with my orderly mind, the room appeared to be in a chaotic state. The woman saw my look of distaste.

"You must excuse the untidiness, Sir," she said. "The doctor never lets me go in there to clean up properly."

I sat down and tried to forget my troubles by reading an out-of-date magazine, but was relieved when Dr. Hansen came in. He attended to my cut lip and asked no questions, but as he finished he took my hand and felt my pulse. He shook his head.

FOR a moment he was silent, frowning, then he said, "Something wrong somewhere." I wondered whether he'd learned of the happenings behind the hall. "I'll mix you a draught, Ford." There was no chemist in the town in those days, and the doctor did all his own dispensing.

"Excuse the seeming chaos," he said as he pushed a number of bottles away from his table and began to make up my medicine. "Can't afford to let Mrs. Bridgetts loose in here. Could never find anything again. No time to tidy up myself, either. Here you are!"

He handed me the draught, and I swallowed it at a gulp.

"That'll steady you," he said, opening the door to his waiting-room. He looked at me kindly enough, then, as I did not speak, he put his hand on my arm. "All right," he said, "don't tell me if you'd rather not. Still, sometimes it helps."

I suppose I was overwrought. Anyway, something snapped in me. All at once I sat down and cracked up. My throat choked, and, burying my face in my arms, I began to cry.

He went quickly to the outer door and closed it, then he returned to me.

"Let it go, man," he said. "Don't mind me."

He waited until I had got control of myself and begun to talk, and as I did so all my resentment returned. I spoke bitterly of Eileen's faithlessness. I told him of Price's illicit association with Helen Speek, and of my accusation. I said I had suggested an exhumation.

"An exhumation!" he exclaimed.

"I know Speek was poisoned," I said warmly.

"But this is fantastic, Ford," he said. "It's madness. The man was shot."

"It sounds crazy," I said, "but I know you'll find poison in Speek's body."

My story had shocked him. He sat down and wiped the perspiration from his forehead, though the day was far from hot. Then he leaned forward and spoke gently.

Please turn to page 15

Animal Antics



"She's going to the District Show or bust."

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4726761

As I Read the STARS

by JUNE MARSDEN

FORTUNE smiles on many people this week. Most days are beneficial, and others predominantly helpful, especially for those groups born under the signs of Scorpio, Cancer, and Pisces.

Capricornians and Taurians are next in favor.

All these people should be confident and diligent, and make plans for projects to advance their happiness.

Geminians and Sagittarians will find themselves beset by many small annoyances, and Virgoans may suffer loss, opposition, disappointment, and partings.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:—

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): From February 28 (late) on to dusk on March 3, poor. March 5 (forenoon to 2 p.m.) poor; good after 4 p.m.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): February 27 (11 a.m. to noon, and near dusk) or February 28 (morning and dusk) helpful. March 4 poor.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Be guarded: difficulties, discord, and delays prevail, especially on February 27 and 28, and March 6. Avoid risks, changes, misjudgments, and impulsive action.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Use your opportunities, speed up new ventures, and seek promotions and gains. Success possible. February 26 (forenoon and dusk) very fair. March 3 (after sunset) very good. March 4 (mid-evening) good; but midday and midnight poor. March 5 excellent. March 6 (evening) good.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Unspectacular days now, yet March 1 (evening) very fair, March 3 (early) fair, and March 6 (evening) helpful.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Beware pitfalls of many kinds. Losses, partings, opposition, unwise changes, and disappointment possible, especially on February 27, 28, and March 6 (very poor).

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): March 1 (forenoon and late evening), March 2 (early) and March 6 (after 4 p.m.) pleasing. Past good work can bring results.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 22): Utilise every moment of March 5. Much good fortune possible then, or through good work started on that day. February 28 (forenoon and dusk) helpful. March 3 (evening) good. March 4 (midday and midnight) poor; but mid-evening good. March 6 (evening) helpful.

SAGITTARIUS (November 22 to December 22): Beware obstacles, disappointments, worries, upsets, and indiscretions especially on February 27, 28, and March 6. Routine strongly advised.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): February 27 (11 a.m. to noon, and in evening) fair. February 28 (forenoon and dusk) March 3 (after 7 p.m.), and March 4 (mid-evening) all very fair. March 6 good.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): March 1 (forenoon and after dusk), March 2 (early), and March 6 (evenings) all mighty helpful.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Stress all important projects now. Seek gains, advancement, changes, happiness. March 5 can be excellent for old and new ventures. March 1 (evening) fair. March 3 (evening) very good. March 4 (midday and midnight) poor; evening good. Plan and work.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"Throw me the soup, Milly."

Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, and
PRINCESS NARDA: Are in grave danger. They were lured to a masque ball at Kord Key, West Indies, by the mysterious
BARON KORD: Whose sister, Trina, has told them they were fools to come.

When Mandrake asks why other guests are silent and chained to chairs, Kord will not answer. Mandrake magically produces flames round Kord (who is dressed as the devil). One of Kord's thugs knocks Mandrake senseless. Lothar rushes to his aid, but is overpowered. Kord returns to Narda. NOW READ ON:





National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4726762

The Material of Unlimited Uses

Plywood

TO-DAY PLYWOOD is at war—selected because it meets many vital constructional needs better than any other material. In bombers and ships, in ammunition boxes and instrument cases, in bridges and buildings it is helping to speed the victory. Plywood is stronger than solid board. It won't warp or split. It preserves all the natural beauty of wood and will take any wood finish. To-morrow, for your home, your factory, and a host of peace-time constructional needs, Plywood will be the material specified for strength, durability and beauty.



THE MAGIC OF PLYWOOD—Plywood consists of wood cut into thin sheets, which are placed cross grain to each other and glued together with specially developed glues. The result is a new and better constructional material, with all the beauty of natural wood plus the size and convenience of wallboard but with a strength, rigidity, warp resistance and freedom from splitting which no solid timber or wallboard has.

Inserted by THE AUSTRALIAN PLYWOOD BOARD

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4726763

R.A.N. ships' narrow escape in Lingayen battle

During the invasion of Lingayen in the Philippine Islands, early in January, ships of the Royal Australian Navy suffered severe air attacks from the Japanese.

A sub-lieutenant describes the attack on his ship, H.M.A.S. Kanimbla, and gives a humorous twist to his description of what he calls "our latest, biggest, and brightest landing."

Sub/Lt. C. Osborne, to his mother, Mrs. B. Osborne, 54 Milroy Ave., Kensington, N.S.W.:

"AS the boxers say in the ring: 'It was a great fight and the best man won!'

"We had a very exciting time, and I'm looking forward to the next.

"One mob of planes was on the way out to attack the convoy when our fighter cover sailed into the fray. It was beautiful to see those Japs crashing one after the other into the sea. It certainly proves the overwhelming superiority of our planes and pilots.

"The Kanimbla was just speeding along in one of the raids, offending no one, minding her own business, when one particularly nasty Jap thought he'd like to use the ship as a target. To try and dissuade him from this very ungentlemanly conduct we, and many other ships, started shooting at him.

"However, he was very obstinate, and wouldn't call off his dive for anything. In fact, he dropped all his bombs as he hurtled down. Naturally, after this show of bad manners, we were just forced to shoot him down, and he crashed into the sea off our starboard bow. The bombs also missed.

"The Japs tried to interfere with the landing by air attacks, but failed, and the ship suffered no damage or casualties."

A/B. C. W. Johnston, H.M.A.S. Shropshire, to his wife at Cullen Bullen, N.S.W.:

"WE formed part of the battleship, cruiser, and destroyer force that sailed into Lingayen Gulf three days before the landing.

"On our way up there we were attacked by planes, and had a narrow escape when one of them crashed 50 yards from the ship's side, shot down by our fighters, I think.

"Next day two of them came diving out of the sun at us. We got them both. One disintegrated in the air, showering the boat with scraps.

"One Jap shore battery opened up on us, and I was sitting under the turret having a breather when I saw a column of spray go up about 200 yards away.

"While we were getting his range the commentary over the speakers throughout the ship seemed like the description of a cricket match.

"It did not take long before we blasted those Nips into eternity."

F/O. Neville Goddard in the North, to Miss I. Sexton, 67 Wilson St., Moonee Ponds, Vic.:

"WE were on a reconnaissance over Timor and had to take photos of enemy bases where aircraft had recently been reported.

"Needless to say, over the appointed target and at places along the North Coast of Port Timor we had a busy time.

"Unfortunately, we were hit in No. 3 engine, and wasted a few gallons of juice before the petrol cock could be reached. This was while we were over Sissa River.

"By the time we had reached Mao Mere we had been flying ten hours. Our petrol was low and we were burning up fuel trying to keep attitude and speed constant.

"We were about a hundred miles the other side of Melville Island, with 200 gallons indicated on the gauges.

"Lloyd (the skipper) didn't want to put her down unless he could help it, so kept on flying after the gauges showed empty.

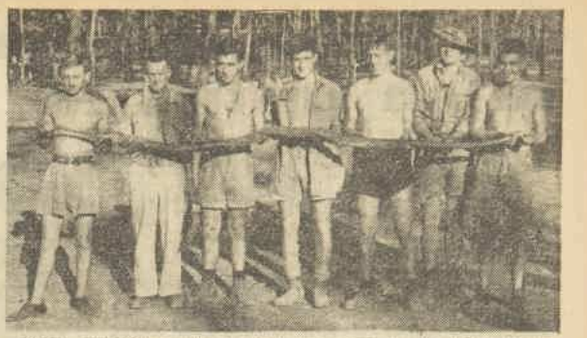
"We were all down at the back with our Mae Wests and parachutes on ready for anything.

"We passed over Melville Island but were still a long way from home.

"Lloyd cut No. 2 engine and started to lose height in order to save fuel.

"You can just imagine our feelings when he feathered it. None of us felt too good, nor like swimming in the briny that night. However, we made it.

"On landing in Darwin we had four gallons of juice left—one minute's flying time. We would have been glad to know that."



ROCK PYTHON caught about 50 yards from an R.A.A.F. camp in Darwin proudly displayed by his captors. Photo sent by Mrs. J. H. Lewis, 11 Rowley Street, Burwood, N.S.W.

F/O. G. P. Armstrong, R.A.A.F., England, to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Armstrong, Clapton St., Toowoomba, Qld.

"THE old squadron put up quite a good show against the doodlebugs. I blew up two of them in the air and almost blew myself up doing it. You should have seen the Spit when I landed. The boys thought it was a night fighter, as it was covered in soot!"

THE letters you receive from your menfolk in the fighting Services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen.

For such letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1. For briefer extracts 10/- or 5/- is paid.

A POSTWOMAN at Mosman, N.S.W., was deeply touched by receiving from a soldier unknown to her a card wishing her a happy New Year.

The postwoman, Mrs. A. Hayes, has never seen the soldier, but delivers his letters to his mother.

The soldier, Ron Pye, in New Guinea, wrote:

"There is no joy for you at this busy time in your job; but do remember the joy you are bringing to others by delivering our mail. Good luck and everything you wish for, and may your shoes keep dry."



MITCHELL BOMBER crew in Darwin. Back row, extreme right is F/Sgt. Bill McGee. Photo sent by Mrs. E. H. McGee, 7 Cambridge Ave., Watson's Bay, N.S.W.



R.A.A.F. MEN snapped in Canada. Extreme right is F/Sgt. J. C. Cole, who sent the photo to Miss J. Hill, Ubobo, via Gladstone, Qld.

Old Sinners Never Die

Continued from page 12

"LISTEN to me, Ford," he said. "You've had a lot to put up with. You're distraught. Why not rest up this afternoon? I'll mix up something and send it to you, and you can take it before you lie down. It will steady you. Try to forget these awful things that have got into your mind—about Speek, I mean. Isn't it just imagination?"

He paused, and then went on slowly: "Wouldn't it be better if you told Burke it was just imagination? It was a wild exaggeration in any case. You couldn't have seen Speek that night, could you now? Remember, at the inquest you swore you had not. You didn't tell Burke you actually saw anything."

For a moment his eyes met mine searchingly, then he stood up. "Take a doctor's advice. Forget it, Ford. Take it easy, and be sure to take the draught."

He closed the door after me and I walked away. I thought over what he had said about the oath I had taken at the inquest. And I suddenly remembered that I had not told him anything about Polly Garner's connection with the tragedy.

I wished that I had not brought her into the fracas that morning. It would have been easier then to follow the doctor's advice. After all Larry was alive, and, if Eileen should be foolish enough to prefer him and his penury to me and my thousand pounds, I would at least have the money entirely to myself. I would avoid all the wretched publicity and the filthy innuendoes a man like Price, with the legal assistance his wealth could buy, might drag into the case.

In a little while I would be moved to my new position. Wellday would marry his light-o'-love, and Garnet Price and Helen Speek could be left to stew in their own juice, frightened out of their lives by every knock at the door, terrified to open their letters because they would never know when I might be asking them to buy some more shares.

I had no appetite for lunch, but I made myself eat, especially as Price and Helen had had the good taste to stay away. Mrs. Marven appeared to be busy in the bar, and did not come in either, but the bank clerk had apparently heard nothing, and chattered away about a coming Test match till my head ached.

After the meal I took the draught Hansen had sent round, and rested for a while. Saturday was not a mail day, and it was seldom anyone came near the office, most people in the town going to watch the football. I took my time, therefore, and slept a little. When I awoke I felt refreshed. I lay on the bed thinking things over, and decided to take the doctor's advice.

If Burke asked questions, I'd tell him I'd spoken in the heat of the moment, as indeed I had. I doubted if the details had penetrated through his thick skull. He was an easy man to muddle, and I would offer to shake hands with Price and apologise to both these wretched people for losing my head, and Burke would be glad to rub the whole thing out. I wished to heaven, though, that I had not lost my temper and blurted things out. If only Price had not struck me!

I might as well have stayed away from the post-office altogether, for no one came in till about four o'clock, when Burke appeared. I was surprised, because he was a football enthusiast, and that day our town was playing a visiting team, and there was more than ordinary interest in the match. I assumed a light-heartedness I was far from feeling.

"What!" I said. "No football?"

"No, Mr. Ford," he replied, and without invitation lifted the flap of the counter and came into the inner office. "May I sit down?" he asked, and went on: "I've been too worried to think about football."

"That's a pity," I said. "It should be a good game. Do you think we'll win?"

He lifted his unwieldy head and looked at me with big solemn eyes.

"Yes," he replied, "we've got a very good chance." He shifted in his chair. "About that affair this morning, Mr. Ford," he began.

"Oh, that!" I replied. "Forget about it, Burke. Price and I got into holts. He hit me and I lost my head."

He waited, considering my words, before answering. "You made a very serious accusation, Mr. Ford. I admit I'm still a bit at sea about it. I can't understand you saying a thing like that."

"Hot blood," I said. "It runs in the family."

"But," he persisted, "you didn't just blurt out things; you gave details. Place and time, and things like that."

"Look here, Burke," I cried, angered at his insistence. "I tell you I was overwrought. I didn't know what I was saying. I hardly remember what I said. Whatever it was, I withdraw it and I'll apologise to Price and Mrs. Speek."

"I'm glad of that, Sir," Burke said. "That puts it up to them. As a matter of fact I asked them to call in here so that I could see you all together." He glanced at the big clock on the wall. "They should be here now."

I heard a step on the verandah as he spoke, and Helen Speek came in. Burke got up lumberingly and lifted the flap of the counter so that she could enter. He said: "I'm glad you've come, Mrs. Speek, because Mr. Ford has withdrawn the accusations he made this morning, and wants to apologise to you."

It seemed to me that he watched her closely, noting her reaction. She was plainly taken aback.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Speek," I said. "I deeply regret whatever it was I said. I was beside myself. I humbly ask your pardon." I held out my hand, and she took it, and it felt cold and limp, and, as we stood thus, Price walked in and stared. I turned to him at once.

"I'm sorry, Price," I said, as he came behind the counter. "I apologise for what I said this morning." He gazed at me steadily, and I saw a speculative glitter in his black eyes, then their expression changed and he angrily struck aside my proffered hand.

"Carry on with your beastly accusations, Ford," he cried. "You've made your bed. You can rot in it," and, turning to the constable, he went on: "Look, Burke. You know what this town is. You know that mud sticks. You get Speek out of his grave and carve him up. I want him up, d'you hear? Let Ford here stick his nose into his stomach and smell out the poison—if he can. I not only welcome an exhumation, I demand it."

I was astonished, but I intercepted Helen's quick look of alarm and I suspected that Price was bluffing. Burke had got to his feet again and was saying: "Now, Mr. Price, that's not a nice way to talk."

He turned to the counter as someone came in. It was Wringer Rosie asking for a twopenny stamp. It didn't seem funny at the time, but I remember to this day the astonishment on the old woman's face as we sat still and silent and the constable gravely pulled open the drawer under the counter, tore a stamp from a sheet, and dropped the pennies into the till.

He followed her out without a word, and, after she had gone, locked the door. When he returned he slumped into a chair and with his thick fingers began to drum on the table, considering each of us in turn, frowning and solemn. We waited and it seemed to me that the infernal drumming continued for an age, driving me almost crazy.

He said at last: "I've never had a case like this before. I've never heard of one either. I don't know what I ought to do." As nobody appeared to help him he went on: "There's another thing. There's that bit about Polly Garner and poison and Larry Ward. Where does that fit in?"

He gazed at us bleakly, then turned his head slowly at a tapping on the delivery window. Rising heavily, he walked across the room and threw up the wooden shutter. Wellday was gazing through, stooping a little so that he could see into the office.

"Oh!" He was plainly surprised to find himself so close to Burke's moon face, but recovered his poise immediately. "I was told you might be here, Constable," he said. "I thought it my duty to see you at once about what happened this morning."

Burke said "Yes," and waited.

"It seems," Wellday said, and I am sure he meant his words to penetrate into the room so that we all might hear them, "that something was said about an incident my future wife was unfortunate enough to witness. Miss Garner wants it made perfectly plain that this morning Mr. Ford attempted to put words into her mouth. She did not hear Mr. Speek, before he died, say 'Ward-poison.' The words, she says, were 'Ford-poison.'"

To be continued

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4726764

It's love a child misses in an institution

Orphan's moving story of her years of charity

By a 23-YEAR-OLD TYPIST

I have just read the statement below by Miss Elizabeth Govan outlining her idea of the ideal Home for children, a cottage type where something like family life could be enjoyed.

It sounds like heaven to me compared with what I know from my own bitter experience of childhood in "a Home." For readers of The Australian Women's Weekly I have written this story of my years of charity, hoping they will then understand the hunger for love in the lives of dependent children.



EVENING in a children's institution. It's too often loveless, dull, impersonal.

NIGHT in a real home. It's warmed by parental love, personal importance.

IF I live to be 90 I shall not be able to dress for a party or even a picture show without feeling almost sick with excitement, and I don't need any psycho-analyst to tell me that all this is rooted in the eight years I spent in a children's home from my sixth to my 14th birthday.

Looking back, I know the Home was one of the best of its kind. We were not starved, and we were not ill-treated, but we did crave affection and outside life and a little amusement other than the games we invented.

These ranged from building our own special private cubby-house at the bottom of the paddock by plaiting long reeds to make a roof, to lying in bed at night making up involved letter games out of the inscribed enamel plaque at the head of our bed, which told us that the revered Mrs. Thomas ——, born 18—, died 19—, generously donated this bed.

Psycho-analysing myself, I believe that the inferiority complex which I share with many of the ex-girls is more than coincidence.

We learnt too early in our childhood that we didn't matter a scrap to anybody or anything.

That is why it is so important now for us to love and be loved by people and to matter just a little in life.

That is why the inevitable disappointments we suffer as we make our way cause us mental agonies which will recur, I am sure, in some obscure way throughout our whole lives.

There were 90 of us girls, six to fifteen years.

Although the food was as good as that in most Homes of the day, there were plenty of times when we were hungry.

Breakfast was porridge with a round of bread covered with syrup or jam the night before.

Lunch was tapioca, bread-and-butter or sago pudding, with a round of bread.

Tea was bread again with a soup so thick as to be almost stew.

After I left the Home at 14 years I had my first roast dinner, and had to be taught how to use a knife and fork to eat it.

The lunch-time puddings were baked in four or five huge baking-dishes, and each day about four lucky girls were chosen for the high honor of scraping each of these dishes clean.

I can see us now squatting on the floor under a small table in the dining-room—the envy of the rest of the kids—while we ravenously attacked the dishes with a spoon, cramming in the scrapings.

Back at school after lunch, I've seen youngsters foraging in the garbage tins, hopefully looking for perhaps a practically untouched lunch some pupil had thrown away.

I never had to resort to this, as the mother of one of my best friends in my class always packed two lunches, one for Betsy and one for me, and I shared this with some of the others.

At night we had quite a good dodge for making our tea of stew-soup and bread last longer. We'd salvage pieces of pumpkin from the soup, spread them on the dry bread, and when the bell went for us to file out of the dining-room we'd stuff the bread down our frocks, and once at the bottom of the paddock munch it deliciously and slowly.

Nasturtium leaves from the back garden or pig-weed from the paddock often formed a happy substitute for the pumpkin.

Sometimes if you were smart enough when filing out of the dining-room, you could whip something from the well-spread staff dining-table in the centre of the room.

Often when I'm dining out today, I have to restrain myself from that old habit of religiously picking up every crumb round my plate.

For 80 per cent. of us who had no relatives or friends to take us out on the one Saturday set aside for this purpose every month, our one outing a year was the Royal Automobile Club picnic at Sandgate.

"I was brought up in a Home"

The thought of that one day dominated the whole 365 days of the year.

For 12 months of the year our world consisted of dormitories, dining-room, a large treeless paddock, the public school across the way, and the church to which we paraded twice every Sunday—to church in the morning and Sunday school in the afternoon.

And then on one wonderful day every year, fairy godmothers and godfathers of the Royal Automobile Club rolled up to the great iron gate in a fleet of cars gaily decorated with streamers and balloons, to transport us straight to heaven.

If the owners of those cars had stayed up late the night before decorating the cars, I hope they saw in our shining eyes some reward for their trouble.

The decorations were the most important part of all.

If you happened to be bundled off in a car with only one or two streamers floating half-heartedly from it, you were still grateful.

But you tried hard not to look at the other cars passing—practically smothered in gigantic paper rosettes, with funny cardboard animals on the radiator cap and balloons dancing from the hood.

For months beforehand we planned exactly what we would do on the big day—every minute of it—and to make certain it would all come true just as we wanted it, we pinned all our faith on the Car Burying Game.

To take part in this, you had to go up to the top of the paddock, peer through the high wire fence facing the main road, and count 100 passing cars in a day.

If traffic was sparse and you didn't get to the 100, you began all over again next day.

When you counted your 100 you wrote it down on a slip of paper, together with your name, and buried it in some secret part of the paddock. If the writing was practically illegible in six weeks' time, your picnic day wishes would come true.

Sometimes we'd dash up to the paddock before school to start an early count, take it up again during lunch hour, and back again after school. Darkness and tea hour would find us still with our noses pressed through the wire trying to make 100.

We never cheated; we had implicit faith in the buried note.

Another important preparation for the picnic was the writing down on paper of lists of every song that we knew to sing while going down to Sandgate in the car.

The 50-odd minutes down and back in the car was so precious that it would have been sacrilege to waste a second of it thinking of a song to sing.

In bed at eight o'clock the night before the picnic, we'd deliriously go over all the details of the day ahead.

At 9 a.m. we'd be lined up in groups of four or six on the verandah, then the cars would roll up and the most wonderfully decorated car would suddenly stop in front of you, and a jolly man help you in with four or five other children, and he'd give you all a flag and perhaps a balloon that you could blow up yourself.

And off you'd go, singing songs from your list and waving at everybody and everything.

And then that thrilling moment when a patch of sea shimmered round the brown grocery-shop corner, and in a few minutes you would be down on the beach paddling and playing on the sand!

In no time there would be lunch, and some committee women would give you a brown paper bag containing sandwiches, two cakes, a gingerbread biscuit, and an orange.

You'd eat the sandwiches, but not the cakes, gingerbread, or the orange. They could last for days if you were careful to eat them a little at a time. Last year you kept the orange six days by eating a quarter a night.

And you'd hang on to the precious paper bag all the afternoon while you wandered round the beach promenade, watching little family boys and girls having sixpenny rides on the donkey, and hoping that if you looked and wished a little harder you really would find at least 3d. on the ground, and maybe the donkeyman would let you have half a ride.

Then the excitement of the drive home! You knew that when you reached that level crossing your car would slow up like the others ahead, and jolly men would hand you a bag of ten boiled lollies.

You always counted them, because of the terrible fear that perhaps there would be only nine.

Perhaps you'd allow yourself the luxury of just one sweet—but no more, for they had to last you months.

Unless perhaps Mary would bring home some lollies from her monthly day out with her father, and share them.

Mary was ten and I was nine when we swore friendship for life.

There were about ten other children lucky enough to go out each month, but it was always Mary's return we waited for breathlessly, to get news of what she'd done.

Through her we escaped in imagination into the outside world.

It was Mary who had to tell and re-tell the stories of films she'd seen.

It was Mary who organised concerts in the old shed in our paddock, who taught us ballet and acrobatics and all the latest songs.

Her biggest achievement was the concert Matron allowed us to stage in the dining-room. It was a revue including a short dramatisation from Al Jolson's "Jazz Singer," in which I played Al and Mary played Sonny Boy.

Orchestration never stumped us.

The Home possessed a tiny gramophone and 12 Scottish records, and I remember the ballet coming on singing "California, Here I Come," while the gramophone ground out "I Belong to Glasgow."

Mary did say I sang "Sonny Boy" beautifully, to the accompaniment of "Bonnie Banks of Loch Lomond."

Reminiscing now, I remember occasional deliriously happy moments like the time I discovered "David Copperfield" among a butter-box of battered old books donated by a church committee member, and read and re-read it in the seclusion of my paddock cubby-house.

And there were tragic moments like the time I broke a plate and was forbidden to go to the picnic, until at the very last moment the matron relented, and I found a place in the very last decorated car.

I knew most of childhood's tears and sunshine, but there's one thing I never did nor ever shall know—family childhood.

Perhaps one day I may be able to find a substitute by living it in my own children.

Expert's ideal Home

MISS ELIZABETH GOVAN, Director of the Board of Social Studies, Sydney University, whose work has taken her into close contact with children's Homes abroad and in Australia, says the ideal Home is the cottage type already in operation in parts of America and Britain.

"I saw it successfully operating in the Tallyho Methodist Home in Victoria before the war," she said.

"Nothing—wealth, power or position—can compensate a man or woman for the loss of a normal family-life childhood.

"In these cottages, under a sympathetic cottage father and mother, family life can be possible for the youngsters.

"There should be no uniforms, petty restrictions, or any type of regimentation in the life of the cottage child.

"Independence should be encouraged from an early age, and he should be given weekly pocket-money. Outings should be arranged as often as possible.

"In fact," concluded Miss Govan, "his entire childhood should not be very different from that of other boys and girls born to this earth.

"That's all he asks of us, but the State and all of us are still letting him down badly."

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4726765

Bitter winter increases Britain's hardships

BRITAIN'S winter has been marked by heaviest snowstorms, fiercest gales, and hardest frosts in years. Christmas was the coldest since 1872. During the last week in January, coldest in living memory, coal was issued from Government emergency dumps to householders.



SWANS SKATED on a pond in the London Zoo, Regent's Park, while keepers broke ice.



GIRLS of A.T.S. frolicked in snow round gunsites at ack-ack battery near London.



MANTLE OF SNOW in Kensington Gardens. January snows isolated some towns in England and Scotland. The Thames was frozen at Windsor.



TRAFFIC was held up in London. This Kensington milkman found the going heavy. Snowploughs cleared bus routes.



AT SEA, life was harder and ships' crews in convoys hacked the ice away from the frozen decks. Straits of Dover had coldest spell since 1940.



ALL EUROPE was in the icy grip. Dutch children gathered wood from the forests to help ease the acute fuel shortage in cold homes of Holland.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4726766



The proudest job in Australia today

This girl never "talked patriotism" or waved a flag. She never bragged of "duty" or looked for limelight.

But something she couldn't quite define . . . something she couldn't just talk about . . . made her decide to enlist.

It wasn't the glamour of uniform or the thought of bands and parades. It had to do with letters she had read from New Guinea . . . odd items of news in the papers . . . and a sense of shock at the complacency with which so many girls seemed to regard what lies ahead for their fathers and brothers.

So she joined the A.W.A.S. To-day she is proud: and she is happy. She works shoulder to shoulder with Australia's smartest, keenest girls . . . girls who think as she does . . . girls determined that no effort is too great if it helps to shorten the war, to hasten victory, to bring our men back home . . . to restore the happiness and contentment which is our Australian heritage.

Well . . . now YOUR chance has come. Once again the A.W.A.S. and the A.A.M.W.S. are appealing for recruits . . . recruits to back up our men at battle-stations. Will you respond too?

You will be as proud and as happy as she is. You will share with her the most interesting, the most active, and the most urgent war work in Australia to-day.

You will be contented—not merely because the pay and conditions are attractive, not only because your post-war career will be safe-guarded—but because you have become an Australian soldier and are helping to win a war which—as we write this appeal—is still the greatest and most difficult task which ever confronted Australia.

The Army will be one man short until you join the

If you are 18 or over, this is your supreme opportunity. You can secure details from the nearest Army Women's Recruiting Depot or from your local Area Office.

A.W.A.S or A.A.M.W.S

AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S ARMY SERVICE • AUSTRALIAN ARMY MEDICAL WOMEN'S SERVICE

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4726767

On and Off Duty.

SILVER stars for two, three or four years' service with the W.A.N.S. are being proudly worn now by many members. I find the big dining-room at The Australian Women's Weekly Club for Servicewomen almost crowded out when I arrive to see the president (Lady Wakehurst) distribute the stars.

During the evening I see the presentation hand-bound book which Wans present to Mrs. M. E. Wallace, producer of the pantomime which raised £300 toward the furnishings of Wansles, Bexley, the home for friendless and destitute girls, which will be run by W.A.N.S.

• • •

FIVE sisters meet together this week for the first time for 33 years. They tell me they choose Red Cross cafe in Sydney for special luncheon party, as all five had held executive positions in Red Cross auxiliaries. Sisters are Mrs. M. J. Smith, of Maitland; Mrs. D. G. Munro, "Braeburn," Nevertire; Mrs. J. J. Dickson, of Balgowlah; Mrs. V. Cattanach, of Brisbane; and Mrs. S. Scotter, of Manly.

• • •

COUNTRY engagement announced this week of Margaret Helen, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Theo Nies, of "Paroo," Ulamambri, to Maxwell, son of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Sanson, "Lockwood," Purlewaugh.



SERVICE WEDDING. Sergeant Col Clarke and his bride, formerly Sergeant Margaret Shouler, A.W.A.S., wed at Mareeba, Atherton Tableland. Bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. Shouler, Mosman, and bridegroom is the son of Mrs. Clarke, Neutral Bay. Bride's tulle veil was lent by the Controller, A.W.A.S.

PAMELA CONDON, of Wollongong, celebrates twenty - first birthday and announcement of engagement to Lieutenant Robert East, A.I.F., at party given by her mother, Mrs. Hilda Condon. Pam receives lovely oval sapphire and diamond engagement ring from her fiance, and matching brooch from her mother. Robert is only child of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur East, of Bondi.

• • •

WEDDING this Saturday at Holy Trinity, Dulwich Hill, for Valmai Lassau, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Lassau, of Earlwood, to Francis Warwick Pratley, only son of Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Pratley, Killoola Estate, Bathurst.

• • •

DINNER and theatre party for pretty Mary Stephenson, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Stephenson, of Stanmore, to celebrate her 21st birthday. Biggest thrill for Mary are cables from her fiance, Trooper Leslie Blodhorn, 2nd N.Z.E.F., in Italy, and her brother, Lieutenant Harry Stephenson, New Guinea.

Mary and her fiance met in Sydney five years ago, when he was en route to England, but he returned to New Zealand to enlist. Engagement was announced on Mary's 18th birthday.

• • •

SECRETARY of Lauriston Hospital, Mosman, Audrey Erwin, youngest daughter of the late Mr. A. J. Erwin and Mrs. Erwin, of Mosman, marries Warrant-Officer Dudley James Hardman, younger son of the late Mr. J. H. Hardman and Mrs. C. Hardman, of Artarmon. Reception is at the Mosman Hotel.

• • •

CHRISTENING ceremony at St. James', King Street, for Elisabeth, tiny daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Gordon, of Lindfield. Baby's mother was formerly Valerie Houston, and John is carillonist at the University.



TO LIVE IN PARIS. Mrs. W. R. Hodgson and her daughter Cynthia at their Canberra home. Mr. Hodgson has been nominated as first Australian Minister to France, and when plans are completed they will establish the first Australian Legation in Paris. They have lived in Canberra for ten years.

BRIGHT party at Anzac Memorial Hall, Marrickville, given by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Malone, of Hurlstone Park, to only daughter Valerie. More than 100 guests attend to wish Valerie many happy returns of her twenty-first birthday.

• • •

MANY parties for attractive Pam Gold, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. I. Gold, of Watson's Bay, before her marriage last Saturday (February 24) to LAC Ron J. Pitt, R.A.A.F., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Pitt, of Vaucluse. Wedding was at Congregational Church, Vaucluse, where Pam has been popular member of church choir.

• • •

MINOR naval invasion of her home for Mrs. Rex Bennett when son John comes home on twenty-one days' leave and brings party of shipmates with him. She is still living in house at the Victoria Barracks, and recently also has been entertaining Stelle Shone, from Risdon, Tasmania. I see them lunching at Prince's together, reminiscing about the five years Colonel and Mrs. Bennett lived in Hobart.

Joyce



CHAPEL WEDDING. Mr. and Mrs. James Howard Catts leave Newington College Chapel after their wedding. Jim, who is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Catts, of Huntley's Point, served for nearly five years in the A.I.F. Margaret is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Hardy, of Burwood. Their attendants are Mrs. D. G. Davidson, sister of the bride, and Captain R. J Rayward, A.I.F



BRIDE-TO-BE. Maybery Bevan (centre), who will marry Lieutenant-Colonel Richard Brydges at Wilberforce, near Windsor, this Saturday. Her matrons-of-honor will be her sister, Mrs. Will Stuart (left), and Mrs. Hugh Birch. Reception will be at the Windsor home of the bride's father, Mr. Phillip Bevan, of Edgecliff.



LUNCHEON FOR TWO. Marian Shelley, only daughter of the late Mr. C. Shelley and of Mrs. Shelley, Manly, formerly of Crookwell, with her fiance, W/O. Gordon Crossing, R.A.A.F., eldest son of the late Mr. W. G. Crossing and of Mrs. Crossing, "Carinya," Quirindi, lunches at Romano's after the announcement of their engagement.



DANISH BRIDEGROOM. Chief-Engineer Richard Bruhn, of Copenhagen, Denmark, and his bride, formerly Gwen Jennings, of Bundanoon. Bridesmaid is Eva Jennings, and best man Harold Cook.



BIRTHDAY CAKE. Garden Army founder in Canberra, Mrs. Nelson T. Johnson (left), shows Mrs. W. Davis cake she made to celebrate army's third birthday, when she gave a farewell party to Garden Army members at the American Legation. She leaves soon for U.S.A.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4726768

[ADVERTISEMENT]

Do You Know?



Executioner as Dentist. In the sixteenth century the State Executioner extracted teeth as a sideline. He only charged a small fee.



The ancient Greek warrior Pyrrhus cut all his teeth in one solid block. Pyrrhus would have known about Kolynos—you see, Kolynos is an ancient Greek word meaning "disease preventer." And Kolynos certainly does help to prevent dental decay.



Seventeenth century dentists did all their work in the town square, so that the populace could enjoy the writhings of their patients. Today your dentist is the best friend of your teeth—so visit him at least every six months for a check-up, and remember to brush your teeth twice daily with Kolynos—a dentist's prescription for the care of your teeth.



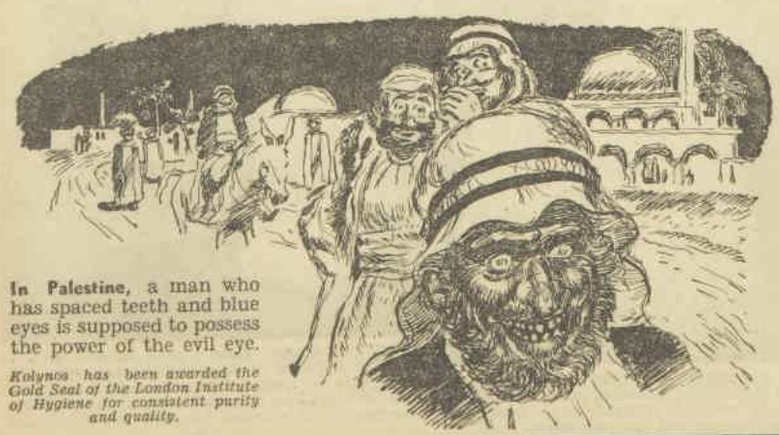


Lady Hamilton's dentist recommended "a straight toothbrush with stiff hair fixed in the end, somewhat like a painter's pencil." Even with a toothbrush like that, Lady Hamilton's smile was a winner. So what couldn't you do with a modern toothbrush and Kolynos Dental Cream! Kolynos sweeps away ugly stains . . . leaves your teeth white and sparkling.



Ancient Superstition. If you find the back tooth of a horse and carry it about with you all your life, you will never want for money. *Modern Fact.* You need only half an inch of Kolynos on a dry brush to clean every tooth in your head.

If you're interested in trying new ideas, try Kolynos in powder form. All of the special properties of Kolynos that give your teeth that famous Kolynos polish are contained in Kolynos Tooth Powder.



In Palestine, a man who has spaced teeth and blue eyes is supposed to possess the power of the evil eye.

Kolynos has been awarded the Gold Seal of the London Institute of Hygiene for consistent purity and quality.



The fierce and warlike Duau tribe of Dabu regarded the missionary, Dr. Bromilou, as a god! He overawed them by removing his false teeth. He didn't use Kolynos.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4726769

Youth discusses problems

"Youth Speaks," popular half-hour session from Station 2GB, now beginning its third year, demonstrates the intelligent and constructive interest taken by young people in the problems of the day.

BROADCAST every Friday at 7.30 p.m., the session is conducted under the chairmanship of John Dease in the form of an Oregon debate.

An Oregon debate differs from an ordinary debate in that the last two speakers have the right to cross-examine the opening speakers.

Programmes are broadcast from the Macquarie Auditorium, where the debaters speak in front of a large audience.

The winning side is decided by the extent of the applause, gauged by a sensitive sound appliance which registers the volume of sound.

Although the subject is chosen well in advance, the debaters who are to take part are notified just one hour before the actual broadcast.

This allows them to marshal their facts and to prepare what they have to say, but does not permit them to consult reference books or other outside sources of information.

The subjects chosen for discussion since the inception of the programme have created wide interest among listeners, and have proved how active an interest the boys are taking in domestic and world affairs.

Varied topics

SOME of the topics under discussion have been:

"Should it be compulsory to give six months' notice of intention to marry?"

"Should University education be absolutely free, and only obtainable by scholarship?"

"Should we have a National Theatre?"

"Do Australians lack national pride?"

"Is national control of banking undesirable in peacetime?"

In these debates, the boys do not necessarily express their own opinions.

When subjects for debate particularly concern women, or can be better discussed if the feminine viewpoint is given, girls are included in the debating team.

More than 40 speakers have aired their views in this session. Some of the stalwarts who have appeared more or less regularly since its inception over two years ago are Neville Wran, Adrian Roden, and David Wolfers.

All are experienced and convincing orators, and David Wolfers is also a chess champion, having learned to play from a book at the age of four.

Some listeners thought that the radio work must interfere with the school studies of the boys, but distinguished examination passes of many "Youth Speaks" debaters are proof that this is not so.

Rather has the radio work increased their interest and knowledge in various fields.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

Every day from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 28: Reg. Edwards' Gardening Talk.
THURSDAY, March 1 (from 4.30 to 4.45): Goodie Reeve presents "Radio Charades."
FRIDAY, March 2: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in "Gems of Melody."
SATURDAY, March 3: Goodie Reeve presents Radio Competition, "Melody Foursomes."
SUNDAY, March 4 (4.15 to 5.0): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."
MONDAY, March 5: Goodie Reeve's "Letters From the Services."
TUESDAY, March 6: "What's On the Menu."

Needlework Notions

No. 568.—Tennis or Beach Shorts

With the pattern traced clearly on a plain white cotton material of excellent quality and guaranteed to boil and wear for ages, this smart beach or tennis suit is available all ready to cut out and make up.

568

The shirt is plain with turn-back, tailored collar and short sleeves. It is well cut with a long tail for comfortable tuck-in. Shorts are pleated with straight slim sides, and finished with a self-belt at waistline. Size 10 to 12 years, 16/11 (9 coupons). Size 12 to 14 years, 17/11 (9 coupons). Postage, 1/1½ extra.

No. 569.—Matron's Blouse

Isn't it smart and attractive? The pattern is clearly traced on a well-wearing material, rayon crepe-de-chine. In attractive shades of pink or blue, and also plain white, this blouse for the larger figure is available ready to make up and wear.

569

Plain design with large revers, small shoulder-yoke with fullness over bustline and short, well-extended sleeves. Size 38 and 40in. bust, 16/11 (6 coupons). Size 42 and 44in. bust, 18/11 (6 coupons). Postage, 9½d extra.

Fashion PATTERNS

F2382.—Cleverly designed frock stressing heart-shaped neckline and deep waistline. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2358.—Youthful, charming frock featuring low, drawstring neckline. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2382

F2358

F2349

F2349. — Smartly sophisticated yet youth-bringing frock. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

FASHION FROCK SERVICE

PLEASE NOTE: To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: ★ Write your NAME, ADDRESS, and STATE IN BLOCK LETTERS. ★ Be sure to include necessary stamps, postal notes, AND COUPONS. ★ State size required. ★ For children state age of child. ★ Use box numbers given on this page. ★ No C.O.D. orders accepted.



"DOLLY"
New, different pyjamas

These most charming pyjamas, fashioned in rayon crepe-de-chine in plain white, are so different.

The jacket coat is used, but the neckline and shoulders are trimmed with a self frill. Note the heart-shaped neckline, fullness over each bustline. The front is buttoned and the waistline finished with a self-tie belt. Trousers are roomy, straight, and tailored, and show elastic at the back.

Ready To Wear: 32 and 34in. bust, £2/12/6 (13 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, £2/15/9 (13 coupons). Postage 1/9½ extra.

Cut Out Only: 32 and 34in. bust, £1/19/11 (13 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, £2/2/11 (13 coupons). Postage 1/9½ extra.

How to obtain "DOLLY" in N.S.W.: Obtain postal note for required amount, include coupons, and send to Box 3488, G.P.O., Sydney. In other States use address given on this page. Be sure to give length, bust, and hip measurements.



SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

Available for one month only from date of issue.

INFANT'S DRESS, PETTICOAT, AND BONNET.

No. 1.—Frock: Requires 1½yds., 36in. wide.
No. 2.—Slip: Requires ¾yd., 36in. wide.
No. 3.—Bonnet: ½yd., 36in. wide.

Concession Coupon

AVAILABLE for one month from date of issue. 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State, as under:

Box 3488, G.P.O., Adelaide. Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 4921Q, G.P.O., Perth. Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.
Box 469F, G.P.O., Brisbane. Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
TASMANIA: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
N.Z.: Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney, (N.Z. readers, use money orders only.)

Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS

NAME

.....

STREET

SUBURB

TOWN STATE

SIZE Pattern Coupon, 3/3/'45



F2346

F2346.—Snappy little sunsuit for the youthful figure. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4726770



Recipe for Romance

From a mist of tulle the bride's radiant face vies with her flowers for dewy loveliness. In her heart she blesses the gentle care that Palmolive soap has given her skin ever since she was a baby. The rich, velvety lather of Palmolive beautifies the skin while it cleanses because the special blend of olive and palm oils, contained in Palmolive soap, gives you a natural beauty treatment from head to toe. Use Palmolive faithfully for your daily facials and your shower or bath. Let Palmolive be your recipe for beauty.



2/754

Palmolive Soap "for" that Schoolgirl Complexion

Here Comes the Bridegroom

PROFESSOR GRISWOLD went to bed feeling sorry for Bill Hatch. The professor and Grace had gone to San Diego a couple of days before Bill sailed, and he had got to like Bill very much. Furthermore, the professor had felt that Bill was qualified to be the husband of a Rainsford woman—Grace had been a Rainsford woman and Barbara had inherited it—and thus entitled to admission to a select inner circle.

The Rainsford women were very beautiful and full of glamor, but they also had fuses, like cannon crackers, and odd, possessive little minds. They not only insisted on being swept off their feet, but demanded that you keep them swept, and if you didn't, they fixed you. This was a career in which the rewards were only equalled by the efforts. With a Rainsford woman you never knew what was coming next, and the professor felt sorry for his son-in-law.

Bill was expected home in about three weeks, for his first long leave, and might now be already on the way. Wherever he was at the moment, he was no doubt dreaming of coming home to his bonny bride, while his bonny bride was lying awake planning how to make his home-coming hideous. The professor had been fixed not a few times himself, and he knew.

When a Rainsford woman started out to fix somebody, she started out at once. So the professor was not too surprised, when he got home early the next afternoon, to see a snappy roadster in front of the house and find a strange young man in the living-room. The young man had a small black moustache and wings.

Professor Griswold found his wife and daughter in Barbara's room. Barbara was standing with her back to the mirror, craning her head over her shoulder at herself, and Mrs. Griswold was seated on the bed. The topic of the moment seemed to be somebody's last pair of nylons.

Barbara looked beautiful, but she also looked different—different, at least, from how she had looked since she had married. The professor couldn't quite put his finger on it, but there was something kind of unwed and competitive about her.

"How do I look, father?" Barbara asked.

Continued from page 3

"Fine, honey, lovely," the professor said. "Isn't that dress a little short?"

"Not for the purpose, father," Barbara said.

"What do you mean, 'purpose'?" Professor Griswold asked.

He asked, but he already knew. The purpose was to bemuse and befuddle the young man downstairs so that he could be employed and manipulated, in some ruthless Rainsford manner, in the fixing of William Hatch, poor boy.

"I don't like this," he said.

"For heaven's sake, George," Mrs. Griswold said, "don't start being boring . . . Hurry up, Barbara, he'll drone on and on."

"Well——" Professor Griswold began again.

"Oh, stop being silly, poochie," Barbara said. "We're just going on a little picnic to Sabina Canyon."

"A little pastoral picnic," Mrs. Griswold said.

"With another couple," Barbara said.

"You're quite certain he's a wolf, aren't you, Barbara?" her mother asked.

"Of course, mamma; he's in the Air Corps," Barbara said.

"Well, then, have a nice time," Mrs. Griswold said, "and don't forget your camera."

For a couple of weeks after the pastoral picnic things were very much as usual at the Griswolds'. The professor encountered the small black moustache a time or so, but there was no further mention of fixing Bill Hatch. As the time for Bill's probable arrival grew closer Barbara got more and more excited. The little women talked only about Bill's homecoming, and the preparations went on apace. And to hear them, Bill was a lad of fairest hair and faultless to a fault.

This, however, did not delude the professor, who knew them. It was obvious that Barbara loved Bill very much, and even to the point of being slightly wacky. It was equally indisputable, however, that she was a Rainsford, with a memory equalled only by that of the elephant and with the code of a Sicilian vendetist, two eyes for one.

Bill was going to be sorry very soon after his return. He was going to be sorry he'd had his picture snapped with Hotsy. And he was going to be indoctrinated into such a state of mind that the next time he thoughtlessly permitted himself to be wounded he would not only not be known as the life of the sick bay, but would see to it that his angel of mercy was sixty-nine years old and had a beard.

This was the plan, as the professor well knew, and he meant to try to frustrate it, at least to the extent of tipping Bill off. He would be watched, of course, like an ex-member of a spy ring in a bomber plane. But he hoped to be able to get Bill aside for the few minutes necessary to put him wise. The professor, in fact, was getting excited about Bill's homecoming, too, and he came to the scientific conclusion that feeling conspiratorial was good for the arteries.

When Bill finally arrived, the professor was not able to go to meet him. When he did get home, he found Bill in the midst of the women, who were dancing round lighting his cigarettes, mussing his hair, mixing his drinks, and in many other cordial ways anticipating his every wish, and some which hadn't even occurred to him.

The professor was glad to see that Bill looked even larger than he had remembered. No twirp himself, but only badly outnumbered, he was glad to note again that his loving daughter had fallen into such nice big hands.

It was not until the women went to supervise the dishing of the dinner that the professor managed to snatch a word with Bill.

"Look," the professor said, "your friend Smith was here and——"

"I know," Bill said. "Smith, the eager beaver. But he wrote me, at least."

"Those pictures," the professor said. "Barbara hasn't mentioned them?"

"No."

"Well, she will," the professor said.

"I know," Bill said. "I know."

"Well," the professor said, "if there's anything I can do——"

"Thanks, sir."

"Make it 'Pal,'" the professor said. "'Pal' it is, sir."

The two gentlemen thereupon took a short snort, or small straighty, which the professor poured. The professor was then about to continue the conversation, when Bill kicked his ankle and Grace and Barbara hurried in.

Please turn to page 24

Uncle Davy's Hat

"IS that guy Uncle Davy?" asked Luke.

"No, no!" said the girl. "My Uncle Davy. That's old Ponter. He's famous round here. Uncle Davy gave him that hat years and years ago when he used to come to the back door for rags. What on earth does your friend want it for?"

"He's just taken a liking to it," explained Luke.

They all watched while the Texan continued his aria. He didn't make much headway. The old man was immovable by either eloquence or hard cash, even paper money left him cold. But he did not move on; he appeared in a thoughtful, passive sort of way to be enjoying the flow of sound.

"It's no good," said the girl; "he'll never part with it. Let's go and explain."

She ran across, Henry and Luke following.

"Hello, Ponter," she said and turned to the Texan. "It's no use," she told him earnestly, "he won't sell that hat. He loves it."

"It belonged to this lady's uncle," put in Henry.

"He's had it years," added Luke knowledgeably.

The Texan, ignoring this display of inside information, addressed himself to the girl and inquired whether the old man were dumb.

"Of course he isn't dumb. He's just very old. And obstinate."

"Lady, you're telling me," said the Texan feelingly.

"And he won't part with that hat. You see, he thought the world of my Uncle Davy." The girl hesitated. Then she looked at their uniforms and went on.

"My Uncle Davy flew in the last war. He was rather good." She paused again, staring across the road

Continued from page 5

to the empty space where her home used to be. "He brought down fifteen Jerries and came back all right—and then they got him there. In bed."

The three boys were silent. It was a tough thing to happen to a guy, a guy who flew like themselves, more likely in one of those old wood-and-string contraptions you saw pictures of. At last the Texan cleared his throat.

"Lady——" he began earnestly.

She flashed him a smile.

"I thought you Americans called everyone sister?"

"Sister," said the Texan more earnestly still, "listen here. If this old coot lets us have your Uncle Davy's hat, we'll fly it for him. Maybe it'll bring us luck and maybe your uncle would have liked it."

The girl looked away.

"Aren't you all alike?" she said in a funny voice. "He used to take a china elephant." Then she went up to the old man and put her mouth close to his aged ear. "Ponter!" she said loudly. "You've got to give it up!"

The old man shook his head.

"Ponter, you must!"

"I don't sell my hat," said the old man stubbornly, "not to the Lord Mayor o' London."

"I don't want you to sell it. I want you to give it. And these aren't the Lord Mayor; they're in the Air Force, as Uncle Davy used to be. That's why they want it. They want to take it with them when they're flying."

For the first time a flicker of interest lit the old man's eye. He looked the three boys up and down and from somewhere in the depths of his being struggled up a peculiar wheezing chuckle of sound.

"You boys fly over Germany?" he asked.

"That's right," said the Texan.

"You go dropping bombs on 'em?"

"We sure do."

"An' you want to take my old hat along?"

The Texan nodded.

"Then why couldn't you say so?" asked the old man.

He took off the hat, held it a moment in both hands, then brushed it lovingly round against his filthy sleeve. With a certain ceremony he handed it over. The Texan was ready; he had a pound note folded small, because, however the girl might feel, the old guy looked needier than Job. Nor did the latter, also a realist, show any sign of offence, but palmed the tip with expertness. Then he raised two fingers to where the brim of his hat used to be, stooped to the handles of his barrow, and moved slowly on.

The girl couldn't stay longer with them because she was on duty; they parted with good wishes and laughter, and the three boys went back across the road to examine their new possession. They leaned against the wall alongside the lifebelt and passed the hat from hand to hand, examining its peculiarities, rejoicing in its uniqueness. Already they were deeply attached to it. They looked forward to taking it back and showing it to the others. The sun still shone, behind them the water rippled. It was a fine, a beautiful, a well-spent morning.

(Copyright)

WORTH Reporting

IF Mrs. Daisy Bates were not in hospital just now, she would undoubtedly be looking out the calico hold-all in which she keeps her "Royalty" frocks. She wore one of them last time the Duke of Gloucester was in Australia, when he met this fragile-looking gentlewoman Empire builder on the Nullarbor Plain.

Back in 1900 Mrs. Bates ordered a complete wardrobe from a Parisian tailor in Perth. She explained that she was going "bush," and wanted clothes which wouldn't date and be of the kind she could wear to greet Royalty. The following year she was presented to King George V and Queen Mary when they visited the Commonwealth as Duke and Duchess of York.

A Royalty frock came out of her calico hold-all again when she entertained the Duke of Windsor (then Prince of Wales) by arranging a native corroboree in his honor at Cook.

Throughout her life God, King, and country have been her guiding principles, and her letter of welcome to the Duke of Gloucester was a typical expression of this devotion.

* * *

DID you know that a parachute takes enough silk to make a hundred and thirty pairs of stockings? Which should make a girl feel a lot better about the utility ones she is wearing.

Naval co-operation

MELBOURNE Wrans extend warm hand of hospitality to English Navy girls. Every week Wrans at H.M.A.S. Lonsdale buy 24 theatre tickets, and 12 Wrans take 12 Wrens to the pictures. They will do this until all the visiting Wrens have been entertained.

Paradise—for 10

THERE'S quite a fairy-tale touch about the Honeymoon House for members of the British A.T.S. In spacious grounds, it accommodates 20 couples. There are luxurious dining-rooms and games rooms and bathrooms in green and black, and a lovely old English garden—all for £2/7/ per week.

The girl soldier can bring her bridegroom, serviceman or civilian, to this earthly paradise for a week, with "all found" by the Y.W.C.A.

Girdling the Soviet

WE learn from America that Russian women tars on duty on the Pacific coast are purchasing corsets. Until they left Russia they had never worn them. Although they cannot speak English, these fine-looking, well-built women make themselves understood by drawing pictures and by sign language. By their gesticulations they seem to know all about two-way stretch.

One department store was invaded by 13 Russian girl sailors. One of the girls pulled up her skirt to show the American girdle she was wearing, and exact duplicates were found for each of the remaining 13 sailor-women.

On the job, these Russian women wear pants and want pantee girdles to wear under them; off duty they dress like American women.



Bedtime story

AUNTIE tells such lovely stories
Every evening after tea,
Re-creating bygone glories
For the kiddies round her knee.

"Not Hans Andersen's, they bore us,"
"Not, oh not, the Brothers Grimm;
"Tell how grandpa," they all chorus,
"Took you in a car to swim."

Auntie's tales are simply splendid—
How she romped from State to State,
How the shops said: "Shall we send it?"
Back in nineteen thirty-eight.

Cowboys, Indians, had their glamor,
But these infants find them tame;
"Tell how Uncle," they all clamor,
"Phoned a taxi, and it came!"

—DOROTHY DRAIN.

New daffodil

A DAFFODIL with delicate cream petals and an orange centre, developed in America, has been called after lovely prima ballerina Irina Baronova.

War has forced bulb-growing on the United States, which used to Import about 200,000,000 bulbs annually. Most came from Holland, others from Belgium, England, France, and Japan.

A few continued to be sent from England, but to meet huge demands Dutchmen are growing bulbs in the States. Last year America grew 75,000,000 bulbs of the hardy Dutch type, including irises and narcissi.

* * *

SPONTANEOUS tribute from telegraph boy who paused to look at pictures of Prince William lying on our desk: "Gee, he's a dag, that codger."

Mother calling

FORMER literary editor of the London Daily Express, Reginald Pound tells in his book, "Their Moods and Mine," how he took part in the first public telephone call to Australia.

Overnight word had been passed to a woman at Gosport (England) that her son, a ship's boy, had been hurt and taken to a Sydney hospital. J. B. Wilson, news editor, then had the thought of asking the G.P.O. whether they were yet ready to transmit speech that far.

They agreed to try, and after all-night tests they got through a little before 8 o'clock to the boy in his bed, his mother having meanwhile been brought to London to speak to him.

There was much office excitement about this call. It made the day's big story. Least excited was the grey-haired mother.

She stood in the box, fixed on the headphones, and, after a preliminary "Are you better, Jack?" put science and listening relays of telephone engineers and operators in their place by asking calmly: "How are you off for underclothes?"

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4726772

British color film on Merchant Navy

By cable from ANNE MATHESON in London

Few films have been made under such difficult conditions as "Western Approaches" . . . the film which tells in vivid technicolor the simple but exciting tale of the Merchant Navy's exploits in the ceaseless battle of the Atlantic.

IT would have been simple by comparison to have made most of the film in the studio; actors could have been used to play the parts of the men of the Royal and Merchant Navies, but the Crown Film Unit and director Pat Jackson were determined on authenticity, and so no professional actors appear on the screen.

All Merchant Navy men are real Merchant Navy seamen, and all naval personnel are Navy men. Even in the scenes of the Convoy Conference, all the men are actual ship's masters, a fact which was made possible by the unstinted co-operation of the shipping companies; whilst the convoy commodore, Admiral Fullerton, is playing the part he plays in real life.

Pat Jackson, with the Crown Film Unit, began work on "Western Approaches" two and a half years ago. All through the winter Jackson, with technicians, cameramen, and 24 sailors would put out to sea in a 28ft. lifeboat.

The story focuses on the grim experiences of the crew of a torpedoed merchantman, which spent 14 days in an open boat in mid-Atlantic.

Pat Jackson, his unit, and the 24 Merchant Navy men he had hand-picked for the roles battled cold, rain, fog, and high seas in a lifeboat towed by a drifter. Aboard the latter was the sound-recording equipment.

The modern lifeboat is designed to ride out any storm; but it is not intended to carry heavy cameras mounted on a platform, in addition to lights and cables. Is it any wonder that often it was found necessary to lighten the boat to prevent capsizing in big seas.

Cameramen went overboard several times whilst performing the most amazing acrobatic feats in order to get the shots demanded by the script.

In heavy weather the wind played many tricks, for not only did it make the recording of speech extremely difficult, but at times a sudden gust would swing the boat round so that certain objects came into the picture and the "shot" was ruined.

Another source of trouble was convoys steaming slowly across the horizon at the most inopportune times.

The Atlantic convoy sequences were actually shot on the convoy. Camera units made the double Atlantic crossing-in-convoy to get them. They got the greatest co-operation from everyone, from the convoy commodore, from the Norwegian skipper of the boat in which they sailed, and from the crew. The skipper even staged an "abandon ship" in order that the camera might record the incident.

No buckets of water were thrown into studio tanks, the waves audiences see are salt, cold, and menacing.



BETWEEN SCENES of International's technicolor musical, "Belle of the Yukon," stars Dinah Shore and Gypsy Rose Lee rest on special "leaning chairs" to avoid creasing their elaborate frocks.

Film Reviews

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

★★ THE IMPOSTOR

ALTHOUGH a stirring drama of Free French Forces in Africa, main emphasis lies on characterisation in this Universal film.

With abundant variety in the characters assembled, there is ample scope for Julien Duvivier's production and direction.

To Jean Gabin falls the job of portraying a murderer, whose redemption is worked out by his service with the Army. A Nazi air-raid on Tours saves him from the guillotine, and, escaping south, he assumes the identity, papers, and clothes of a dead French soldier.

Real drama lies in the reshaping of Clement's character, reaching its climax when he is decorated for bravery and in a fit of contrition reveals his true identity.

The background for this personal drama is assembling of French Forces in 1940, after the fall of France, ready for the day when they could attack the Nazis.

Richard Whorf, Allyn Joslyn, and Peter van Eyck give Gabin fine support, but, fortunately, little time or film is wasted on the only woman in the cast—Ellen Drew.—Capitol and Cameo; showing.

MURDER IN THE BLUE ROOM

UNIVERSAL have added a few songs and a smattering of comedy to try and pep up this murder mystery, but it is a pretty tired little effort.

The cast is capable enough; in fact, far better than the flimsy story warrants. The tale allows for the usual quota of murders, with a ghost and a little blackmailing on the side.

John Litel, Anne Gwynne, Donald Cook, and Grace McDonald are the leading quartet, and they do the best they can, but this tale hasn't even suspense or drama to pull it out of the rut.—Capitol and Cameo; showing.

HAVING completed his training as a Marine Corps transport pilot, Tyrone Power is now ready to leave on an assignment overseas.

Here Comes the Bridegroom

Continued from page 23

AFTER dinner, Bill refused to recount any more adventures.

"No," he said. "Now it's Barbara's turn . . . What have you been doing all this time, honey?"

"Nothing" Barbara said. "Navy-wifing. Red Crossing. I've been flying a few times."

Barbara looked at her mamma, and her mamma looked back.

"By the way, baby," Mrs. Griswold said, "he called you up a few more times yesterday while you were out. Captain Haggerty . . . Isn't that marvellous, George? A captain at twenty-four? . . . He's in the Army Air Corps, you know, Bill."

"Yes," Bill said. "I've heard of it."

"Why don't you show Bill some of those pictures, Barbara?" Mrs. Griswold asked brightly. "I'm sure he'd be interested."

"You bet," Bill said. "You bet."

Barbara got up and got a little stack of photographs, which were located very conveniently right on the piano, and came back and sat down. She started looking through the pictures, giggling a little at several of them, and finally passed one on to Bill.

"Here's one of Ronnie and me," Barbara said.

Bill took the picture. "Good-looking Joe, all right," Bill said. He put the picture down. "You know, he reminds me——"

"Captain Haggerty's the general's aide," Barbara said.

"And looks like he'd be a big help, too," Bill said cordially. "Well, as I was saying——"

"I don't know how he happened to have his arm round me," Barbara said.

"I don't blame him," Bill said. "I don't blame him at all. Well, this lad this Joe reminds me of——"

"Show Bill the picture at the pool, Barbara," Mrs. Griswold said. To the professor, her voice sounded a bit grim.

"Oh. Here it is," Barbara said. "It's a group. Silly party we had at the inn pool. You know how it is round a pool. That's Ronnie with his head in my lap."

Bill took the picture and looked at it with interest.

"Certainly a swell-looking pool," he said. "Is the water cold?"

"Well," Barbara said, "a little, but you can always cuddle up and get warm afterward."

"You bet," Bill said. "Best part of the swim, I always say. Well, I was going to tell you about this fellow who——"

At this point Bill was interrupted by the professor, who had a slight attack, or seizure, of something that sounded like croup. However, he quickly recovered.

Mrs. Griswold then got up out of her chair and went across to Barbara and took the pictures out of her hand and ran through them.

"Here," Mrs. Griswold said. "Show him this."

She went back and sat down again. "I'll never forget that night as long as I live!" she said. "Broad daylight and I'd been awake for hours, simply pacing."

"When was this?" the professor said. "Where was I?"

"Gosh!" said Bill. "What's all this? What happened?"

"Well, the picture isn't anything," Barbara said. "I guess it just reminded mamma."

The picture was Barbara and Ronnie seated with their backs against a mountain.

"I guess we shouldn't have ridden so far into the mountains, miles and miles, absolutely all alone," Barbara said.

"Well, you weren't really alone," Bill said. "I mean you were with each other, weren't you, honey? And gosh," he added, "you couldn't have been all alone, even with each other, or who took the picture?"

Barbara hesitated, but briefly. "Well, we certainly were!" she said, "and the picture was taken by an old, old prospector who was feebly passing by."

"And then Barbara suddenly realised it was dark, wasn't that it, baby? You just suddenly realised it was pitch dark?"

"Yes, mamma."

Bill wagged his head with interest. "Time certainly does fly in the hills," he said.

It was at this point that the professor had his second spell or onset. It passed with little notice, however, because it was at this point also that Barbara rose to her full height, and even higher.

"Don't you even care?" she said. "Aren't you even interested in what happens to me in the dark, miles and miles. Don't you even——"

"Well, gosh," Bill said. "Don't get excited, honey. Nothing did happen. Here you are, I mean. Do you mean there was danger or something, even with Ronnie right there?"

"Oh-h!" Barbara said. "Oh-h! Oh-h!"

"Well," Bill said, "I just hadn't thought of danger. Do you mean bears or something?"

"Bears!" Barbara said. "Bears, bears, bears!"

Mrs. Griswold also said "Bears."

Bill looked at his wife, and then at his wife's mamma, with a puzzled expression.

"Well, I guess I finally get it," Bill said. "But, honey. You mean I ought to be jealous or something, or thinking things? But, honey, I just couldn't. It just wouldn't occur to me to think things, because I trust you just like you trust me. See?"

"Trust you!" Barbara said.

Mrs. Griswold, having become practically an echo, said "Trust you," too. However, it was the professor she was looking at.

"You're just all upset, honey," Bill said. "You're all excited, that's all. Now look. Suppose I was showing you some pictures, and some girl or something happened to be in them. Would you think things? Of course not!"

Bill then got up and attempted to put his arms round his bride, who eluded him with a loud yell and ran out of the room and up the stairs. She was still yelling when they heard a door slam, and what she was yelling was: "I hate you, hate you, hate you!"

The professor looked at his wife, who returned the look with one of her own.

Then they looked at their son-in-law, Mr. Hatch, who had already risen and was leaving the room. While Bill was mounting the stairs, Professor Griswold carefully refrained from looking at his wife again. He was afraid that if he did, she could not keep from giggling, and he knew that if she giggled at this point she would be furious.

They heard Bill rap on Barbara's door a few times, and then he came down again.

"She won't answer me," he said.

"Of course not," Mrs. Griswold said.

"She has her door locked," Bill said.

"Certainly," Mrs. Griswold said.

"Well," Bill said, "what I wanted to know was if it's an antique or anything."

"What?" Mrs. Griswold said.

"I mean," Bill said, "I just wanted to be sure it wasn't something special or an heirloom."

"Of course not," the professor said cordially.

The professor then poured two drinks from the bottle on the coffee table and did not stay his hand. He then rose. As he handed Bill his drink he bowed. As Bill accepted it, Bill bowed.

The two gentlemen then drank, and Bill started upstairs again, whistling "Anchors Aweigh."

The professor then sat down in his favorite chair, but not alone. "Hey! What's all this?" he said. "What are you doing, Grace?"

"Sitting on your lap, you silly thing!"

(Copyright)

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.





● *Jack Carson poses with his wife and small son in the sunroom of their Californian ranch home. Jack will next be seen in Warners' "Make Your Own Bed," with Jane Wyman.*



● *Hedy Lamarr, more glamorous than ever, is romantically teamed with Paul Henreid in Warners' film, "The Conspirators." Lisbon is the setting for this thrilling and unusual tale of espionage and intrigue.*



● *Lynn Bari, popular Fox star, entertains friends at her charming home near Hollywood. Lynn appears with Benny Goodman and his orchestra and Linda Darnell in "Sweet and Low Down." This attractive star devotes her spare time to the Hollywood Canteen.*



● *Four attractive young stars from "Janie," Warners' remake of the stage hit play, gather for a gossip on the set. Left to right: Virginia Patton, Joyce Reynolds (as Janie she has her most important role to date), Colleen Townsend, and Ann Gillis.*

Movie World

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4726774

PAINFUL SUNBURN RUINED SALLY'S HOLIDAY UNTIL



Lying on the beach I hadn't realised the sun was so powerful. But, oh dear, back in the guesthouse my shoulders began to feel as if on fire!

By evening even the lightest dress felt like hopsack to my tender skin. Dancing was out for me. Next day I spoke to the lifesaver. "We all swear by Rexona Ointment," he said.



A friend gently smoothed some of that soothing ointment over my reddened skin. Right away the sting seemed to die down and after two applications the pain had gone.

Now I can be on the beach all day and have no fear that sunburn will spoil my evening's fun. Rexona has made a wonderful difference to my holiday.

THE RAPID HEALER

Rexona OINTMENT

1/6 A JAR

Rexona's SIX healing medicaments make it the perfect remedy for all skin troubles.

O.55.32

Can't Help Singing...



1 **WHEN FATHER** prevents marriage to Latham, Caroline (Deanna Durbin) runs away. She meets Prince (Akim Tamiroff) and Koppa (Leonid Kinsky).



2 **DECIDING** to join Latham out west, Caroline buys a waggon, but finds later she has been robbed, as the man she bought it from was not the real owner.





4 **JOHNNY** (Robert Paige) is about to collect the reward on Caroline, but she offers him twice the money if he will drive her out west.



3 **CAROLINE** goes to marshal to report swindle, but overhears her father has offered a big reward for her, so hurries away.





5 **THE PRINCE** and Koppa steal a ride with them, and as journey progresses Johnny and Caroline are attracted to each other.

6 **MEANWHILE** Caroline's father (Ray Collins), alarmed and enraged at her disappearance, starts out west in search of her.

7 **AT END** of their journey Caroline has a lot of explaining to do to Johnny, but realises it is Johnny she loves, and not Latham.

UNIVERSAL'S bright period musical, "Can't Help Singing," marks Deanna Durbin's debut in technicolor. There are some catchy new tunes written by Jerome Kern, which include "Any Moment Now" and "Californ-i-ay," in addition to the title song. The film was produced by Felix Jackson, and the film colony predict Mr. Jackson will be Deanna's second husband.

What's a girl to do?

ALLEYNE LESLIE answers some posers



Q: Peggy's seen her soldier husband only three days in the past year. Now John, the dashing pilot she used to work with, asks her out. Should she—

1. Put on her pretties and go?
2. Accept, but tell the man all about it?
3. Graciously decline?

A: No. 3's your cue, Peggy dear. People talk and, besides, would "he" really like it? Save your fun for his precious leave and in the meantime keep that fresh, orange-blossom look of your complexion by using Erasmic Vanishing Cream. There's nothing like it to protect skin from wind and weather and preserve that soft luscious finish.



Q: Sue's known Harry for just ten perfect days; he's on final leave and wants to get married. Should she—

1. Say she's not sure and risk losing him for ever?
2. Fix the wedding-day now and chance being sorry afterwards?

A: It's hard to wait when you're in love, Sue dear, but No. 1 is the only possible answer. Make sure he'll adore you just as much next leave by improving the golden moments with regular use of Erasmic Cold Cream. It'll make your skin so soft and satin-y that he'll think you more lovely than ever.



Q: Jane has one pretty eye on the handsome young welder in the factory. What's her best line to get acquainted—

1. Go over at lunch-break and ask him if he jitterbugs?
2. Plan an introduction through a girl friend?
3. Keep her mind on her job and hope he'll notice her?

A: Anything but No. 3 would definitely throw a spanner in the works, Janie. But remember, just because your overalls are workaday, your skin doesn't have to be that way, too. See if Erasmic Face Powder doesn't give you a No. 1 priority with that boy! A girl's heaviest artillery is always her glamour and men fall hard for a well-groomed complexion.

ERASMIC Beauty Products



1/2 each

E.35.24

PLATIGNUM NIBS ARRIVE



Small supplies of Platignum nibs (to fit STANDARD type Platignum pens ONLY) have arrived from England. You will now be able to utilize your Platignum Fountain Pen that is at present without a nib. Ask your stationer or storekeeper.

Platignum MADE IN ENGLAND FOUNTAIN PENS

Perfect Health & A Lovely Clear Skin



By Taking BILE BEANS

The Ideal Tonic-Laxative

Each Night at Bed-time

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4726775

For that special date . . .
BE SOPHISTICATED



● Heavy, chalk-white crepe for a short dinner-dress that features a dramatic, side - draped skirt, unusual slit neck-line, and cape sleeves.

● Here is another charmer that should go to all the smartest places. It's made of bright silk, with two cascading self-ruffles to accent its slender lines.

● Over a perfectly plain black basic frock tie a flowing black spotted net skirt and sleeveless bodice top to make it important for dancing and dining.

● For special dates you will like this pencil-slim blue crepe, highlighted with red and blue plaid taffeta, and a whopping draped bow at one side.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4726776

ODORONO SAVES YOUR CLOTHING



Sally forth with freedom to your rendezvous, confident that the use of Odorono will prevent loss of underarm freshness—and perspiration damage to clothing.

Odorono is the tried and true deodorant; safely checks perspiration 1-3 days.

Deodorant ODO-RO-NO PERSPIRATION CORRECTIVE!

Liquid Odorono safe and sure Odorono Cream . . . quick and easy to use

FOR CROCHET LOVERS

● Four strips of linen make a beautiful tea-cloth when they frame this graceful carnation worked in crochet.



THIS crochet piece measures 19 by 18 inches. Would make lovely table centre.

MATERIALS: Strips of linen, 4 balls of Clark's Pearl Cotton No. 8, or any material same thickness, 1 No. 14 crochet hook.

Size: Measures 19 inches in width and 18 inches in depth, and when mounted measures 34 by 32½ inches.

Tension: 8 sps. to 3in. in width.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; tr., treble; sl.-st., slipstitch; rep., repeat; t., tuft; sps., spaces; in., inches.

Make 168 ch.

1st Row: 1 tr. into 6th ch. from hook, * 2 ch., miss 2 ch., 1 tr into next ch.; rep. from * to end (55 sps.).

2nd Row: 5 ch., 1 tr. on first tr., * 2 ch., 1 tr. on next tr.; rep. from * until there are 46 sps., then into next sp. work a tuft thus: ** cotton over, insert hook into sp. and draw a loop through, cotton over and draw through first 2 loops. Rep. from ** 5 times more, then cotton over and draw through all loops on hook, 1 tr. on next tr., 1 t into next sp., 1 tr. on tr., 1 t into next sp., 1 tr. on tr., then work in sps. to end. (Work a tr. before and after each tuft on the tr. at each side.)

3rd Row: 6 sps., 3 t, 46 sps.
4th Row: 46 sps., 3 t, 6 sps.
5th Row: 6 sps., 4 t., 45 sps.
6th Row: 44 sps., 5 t, 6 sps.
7th Row: 6 sps., 6 t., 43 sps.
8th Row: 42 sps., 6 t, 1 sp., 1 t, 5 sps.
9th Row: 5 sps., 1 t, 1 sp., 3 t, 1 sp., 4 t., 40 sps.
10th Row: 36 sps., 7 t, 2 sps., 2 t, 2 sps., 1 t, 5 sps.
11th Row: 4 sps., 1 t, 3 sps., 3 t, 2 sps., 13 t, 29 sps.
12th Row: 26 sps. 15 t, 3 sps., 2 t, 4 sps., 1 t, 4 sps.
13th Row: 4 sps., 1 t, 4 sps., 3 t, 4 sps., 17 t, 22 sps.
14th Row: 24 sps., 13 t, 6 sps., 2 t, 5 sps., 1 t, 4 sps.
15th Row: 4 sps., 1 t, 5 sps., 3 t, 7 sps., 7 t, 28 sps.
16th Row: 41 sps., 3 t, 6 sps., 1 t, 4 sps.
17th Row: 5 sps., 1 t, 5 sps., 8 t, 36 sps.
18th Row: 35 sps., 8 t, 6 sps., 1 t, 5 sps.
19th Row: 4 sps., 2 t, 5 sps, 10 t, 34 sps.
20th Row: 36 sps., 8 t, 4 sps., 3 t, 4 sps.
21st Row: 4 sps., 4 t, 3 sps., 10 t, 34 sps.
22nd Row: 11 sps., 1 t, 4 sps., 1 t, 16 sps., 11 t, 3 sps., 4 t, 4 sps.
23rd Row: 5 sps., 4 t, 3 sps., 2 t, 1 sp., 8 t, 14 sps., 2 t, 1 sp., 1 t., 1 sp., 2 t, 11 sps.
24th Row: 11 sps., 4 t, 1 sp., 2 t, 13 sps., 9 t, 1 sp., 2 t, 3 sps., 5 t, 4 sps.
25th Row: 4 sps., 6 t, 3 sps., 1 t, 2 sps., 9 t, 12 sps., 7 t, 11 sps.
26th Row: 12 sps., 6 t, 11 sps., 10 t, 6 sps., 6 t, 4 sps.
27th Row: 4 sps., 6 t, 7 sps., 10 t, 8 sps, 11 t, 9 sps.
28th Row: 10 sps., 11 t, 6 sps., 10 t, 8 sps., 5 t, 5 sps.
29th Row: 6 sps., 3 t, 10 sps., 10 t, 4 sps., 10 t, 12 sps.
30th Row: 9 sps., 14 t, 5 sps., 7 t, 9 sps., 3 t, 8 sps.
31st Row: 21 sps., 7 t, 2 sps., 17 t, 8 sps.
32nd Row: 11 sps., 22 t, 22 sps.
33rd Row: 23 sps., 23 t, 9 sps.
34th Row: 10 sps., 21 t, 24 sps.
35th Row: 25 sps., 15 t, 15 sps.
36th Row: 9 sps., 6 t, 3 sps., 12 t, 25 sps.
37th Row: 24 sps., 12 t, 1 sp., 11 t, 7 sps.
38th Row: 8 sps., 23 t, 24 sps.
39th Row: 23 sps., 21 t, 11 sps.
40th Row: 9 sps., 25 t, 21 sps.
41st Row: 19 sps., 28 t, 8 sps.
42nd Row: 12 sps., 11 t, 1 sp., 13 t, 18 sps.
43rd Row: 17 sps., 8 t, 1 sp., 5 t, 2 sps., 11 t, 11 sps.
44th Row: 12 sps., 9 t, 2 sps., 6 t, 1 sp., 6 t, 19 sps.
45th Row: 18 sps., 6 t, 1 sp., 7 t, 2 sps., 10 t, 11 sps.
46th Row: 10 sps., 10 t, 2 sps., 8 t, 1 sp., 2 t, 1 sp., 3 t, 18 sps.
47th Row: 18 sps., 1 t, 3 sps., 1 t, 1 sp., 9 t, 3 sps., 4 t, 15 sps.
48th Row: 14 sps., 4 t, 4 sps., 9 t, 24 sps.
49th Row: 24 sps., 6 t, 1 sp., 3 t, 21 sps.
50th Row: 25 sps., 2 t, 1 sp., 3 t, 24 sps.
51st Row: 24 sps., 1 t, 4 sps., 2 t, 24 sps.

Now work 5 rows of 55 sps., then work 1 row of d.c. all round the edges, working 2 d.c. into each sp. and 1 d.c. on each tr. Turn with 1 ch., then work a row of sl.-st. all round.

MAKING UP

Press work with a warm iron and damp cloth on wrong side. Cut 4 strips of linen each 8in. deep by 28in. long. Press hem all round long edges, then mount crochet on to 4 strips to form a square. Sew down all round. Sew joins together at corners, then work ch. same length as join, and work 3 rows of sl.-st. Sew over each join to hide it. Make a small hem.



MOVE carpets around regularly to spread the wear and tear evenly, as demonstrated above by Wendy Brunton-Gibb, radio artist.

Miss Precious Minutes says

USE newspaper to remove grease from oven while it is still warm. Do this every time you use oven and cleaning will be reduced to a minimum.

★ ★ ★

A CIRCULAR strip of tin will greatly increase the capacity of a small flower-pot. Put it around the inside of the top of the flower-pot, painting both tin and pot to match afterwards.

★ ★ ★

DO you remember picking ivy leaves for mother to boil down into a liquor for cleaning father's best black suit? It was effective, too. The leaves were washed, covered with water, and boiled slowly for two hours. It's a poisonous concoction, so be careful.

Meds for MODERNS

Internal Sanitary Protection

In MEDS, dainty women find *all* the features they prefer—new freedom; safety; economy. MEDS—new improved tampon—are made by the makers of Modess.



WITH APPLICATORS 1/8 Box of 10

WITHOUT APPLICATORS 1/5 Box of 10

PRODUCT OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON



Take ten years off your looks with NAPRO Hair Dye

—latest dye made on an Oil Shampoo base

Ask for NAPRO Hair Dye at beauty salons, chemists and stores. Available in 21 shades.

. . . for Radiant Loveliness

napro hair dye

THIS SUMMER, MORE THAN EVER TREASURE WHITE FOOTWEAR



Shiela Ryan 20th Century Fox



White shoes have such a variety of uses that the fashion conscious will make sure that hard to replace white favorites will receive every care.

And that means Kiwi the White Cleaner which lasts longer and cleans whiter.

KIWI WHITE

COUNTRY PRICES 6d SLIGHTLY HIGHER

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4726777

Give kiddies... plenty of fruit

By SISTER MARY JACOB

FRESH fruits and fruit juices should always take a very important place in the dietary of every infant, growing child, and adult.

They not only supply valuable vitamins, but also vital mineral salts which play an important part in keeping the balance of our health.

Fruits in season given to children must be perfectly sound and ripe, and only a very small portion should be given at first.

A leaflet giving some of the best fruits and juices to use for small children has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau. 5th Floor, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, and a copy will be forwarded if a request with a stamped addressed envelope is sent to the above address.

For Sun and Fun



BRIEF PLAYSUIT. Make it in 10 minutes, wash in a jiffy, iron like a hankie. The two-year-old miss above is just about bulging out of hers. Two this size (note diagram right) can be made from 1yd. material. Follow diagram.

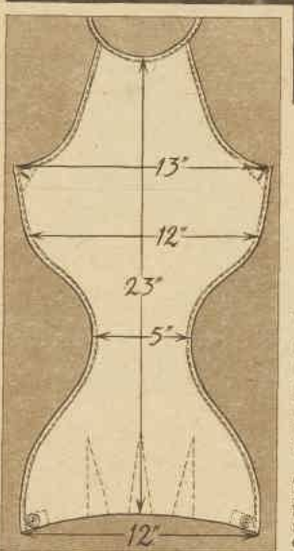
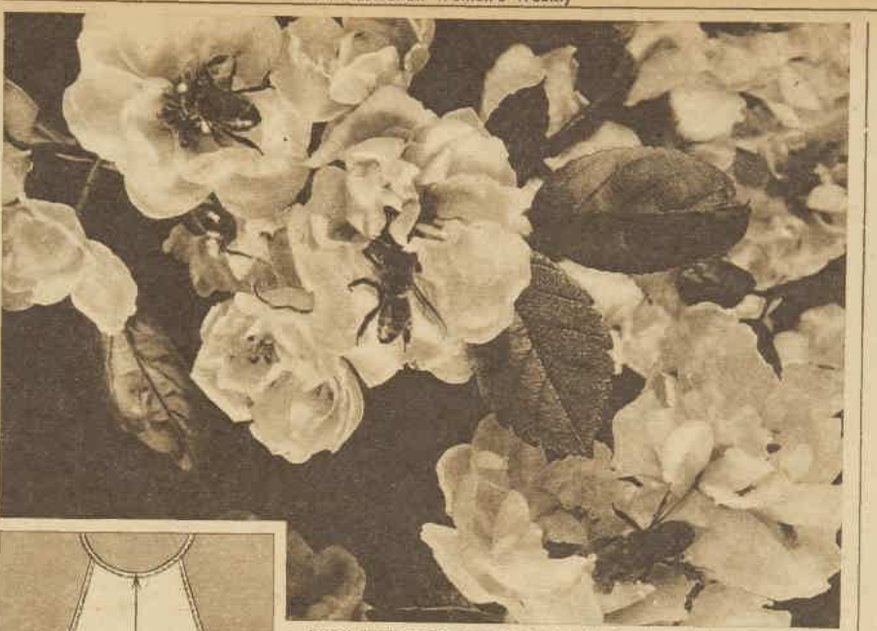


DIAGRAM OF PLAYSUIT



EVEN THE BEES are attracted by the beauty and fragrance of roses, and here we see workers busy gathering nectar and pollen from them.

Autumn care of roses

● Now that March is here visit your roses every few days in search of aphids, pests that ruin more blooms than all others put together . . . says OUR HOME GARDENER.

AND take your garden syringe with you, loaded to the muzzle with nicotine sulphate and water—the lethal dose for all soft-bodied pests like aphids. One squirtful of this mixture and the aphids usually start to pucker up and die.

But neglect your rosebuds at this critical time of the year for only a few days, and the aphis legion will harden them up, causing balling or malformation, and, in the case of dark colors, spoil the blooms by marking the petals with white spots and patches.

Thrips, too, can cause much damage to the mid-colored and dark roses by rasping and sucking the juices. So keep your spraying and dusting appliances in good order—and always at the "ready."

If you haven't turned in your summer mulch of old manure or compost, do it at once. The rose bushes will need all the food possible if they are to bloom satisfactorily during March and April—and remember, too, that in the warmer parts of the Commonwealth many varieties may bloom well into winter.

Disbudding is another simple little task that is often overlooked or neglected. Many gardeners hate to thin out buds, and thus rob themselves of many beautiful blooms. That sort of gardener prefers quantity to quality—and rarely knows the joy of a really fine bloom, full of substance, size, and fragrance.

Only the true cluster roses should be allowed to develop to the full all the buds they produce. The pernetianas, teas and hybrid-teas, and a few others require regular disbudding or thinning out, and if accompanied by sensible feeding and watering, and careful disease prevention and pest control, will well repay the additional attention devoted to autumn rose culture.

Beauty
POST-WAR



Remember the miracle cream — Skin Deep — that made your skin so sweet and seventeen-ish? Remember how you could pile it on at bedtime without leaving your face all-greased-up? After the war you'll be able to go right back to Skin Deep, the only cream of its kind.

Skin Deep
ALL-PURPOSE SKIN CREAM
ATKINSONS, LONDON & SYDNEY

A.17.32

Your Dog



If your dog's coat is dull or loose—if he is listless or won't eat—give him BARKO Condition Powders. Scratching is often a sign of Eczema. Give BARKO Condition Powders and apply BARKO Skin Lotion to affected parts.

BARKO Condition Powders
1/6 ALL CHEMISTS

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

A Friend in need FOR FLATULENCE

De Witt's Antacid Powder quickly neutralizes excess stomach acid. It does more—it soothes and protects inflamed stomach linings. By helping digest your food, De Witt's Antacid Powder ensures pain-free digestion.



DIRECTIONS FOR USE:
STOMACH DISCOMFORT: A teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water or milk after meals.
CHRONIC ACID STOMACH, GASTRITIS, DYSPEPSIA: One heaped teaspoonful in warm water before breakfast.
DISTURBED REST: One heaped teaspoonful in water before retiring at night.
Children can be given half-dose to allay stomach-ache, biliousness and similar ailments.

DeWitt's ANTACID POWDER

From all Chemists and Storekeepers, in sky-blue canisters, 2/6

First thing every morning!
SCHUMANN'S for sparkling health!



SCHUMANN'S MINERAL SPRING SALTS



"One cake cleans an amazing number of windows!"

One inexpensive cake of Bon Ami lasts months and months. Yet even if Bon Ami cost a lot, you'd *still* like it for windows. It's so quick and easy to use . . . leaves the glass so bright and sparkling. Actually, Bon Ami saves money two ways. It costs very little . . . and you use very little to get windows really clean!

Bon Ami
leaves no oily film



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4726778



● What is the morning atmosphere like at home? Of course, something can be done about it! The fragrant smell of sausages sizzling in the pan is as good as an alarm clock, as well as being a fine dissipator for that down-in-the-mouth feeling.

By OLWEN FRANCIS

Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

GET the family off to a good start . . . a meal that is more than a "sip and run," an after-breakfast kiss that means more than a reflex action "peck and run."

Such a start means more than ever these days.

That no-breakfast habit, that "I'm never hungry in the morning," that "no time" excuse is all basically a matter of inefficiency.

It starts at home with not caring enough, not knowing enough, not realising that the right way, via tradition, science, and commonsense, is usually also the most interesting way.

It goes on further: Many an hour has been lost on the production front because the worker is below par (blame the menu-maker).

Many a child slows down in class through a tired, not-taking-it-in, muzzy feeling (blame the menu-maker).

Many a woman at home feels "all gone" far too soon, and she can often blame herself.

Attractive varied menus, tempting the appetite with the very sight, smell, and taste of them, will soon cure the no-time and no-inclination people.

There's no need to get up at dawn to prepare an adequate breakfast; there is need for planning ahead.

There are still devotees of the solitary breakfast system; it's a matter of temperament . . . and if the children are grown-up, or if dinner is definitely your family social meal, and you can manage, it is a situation that can be pandered to, that is, at least, for the man of the house.

Serve his breakfast on a tray or on the verandah, or study table, and let him read his paper in peace. He will leave you with much more reluctance than if you insisted on bright conversation.

Whatever your plan for breakfast manoeuvres, get off to a gay, appetising start: Gay china, linen, flowers; appetising foods of the right kind, enough, not too little, not too much.

Here are some happy breakfasts:

1.

Orange Juice
Crumbed Scrambled Eggs
Toast, Chunky Melon Preserve
Coffee.

The eggs are extended with crumbs in a wartime way and flavored with delicious undertones of parsley and onion . . . see recipe below.

2.

Thin Hamburgers with Tomatoes
Crisp Toast Marmalade
Coffee.

For the very hungry serve the hamburgers between two well-seasoned, freshly flipped griddle-cakes and top with stewed tomatoes, flavored with a hint of rosemary or thyme.

3.

Ready to Eat Cereal
With Stewed Rhubarb
Little Brain Cakes, Brown Sauce
Melba Toast
Coffee.

Try the rhubarb flavored with orange rind and use brown sugar on the table. The brain cakes must be crisp, hot, golden brown; the sauce, well seasoned. The crisp Melba toast does not need butter.

4.

Tomato Juice
Hot Marmalade Bran Muffins
With Butter Rolls
Coffee.

If concentrated puree is used, extend with milk or water and season well; serve cold. Serve muffins straight from oven to table; cover to keep hot.

5.

Oatmeal Porridge
with Golden Syrup
Croquettes of Minced Liver with
Fried Tomatoes
Tea.

Parboil the liver and mince; may be combined with mashed potato or breadcrumbs; season with lemon; deep fry.

6.

Orange Juice
Grilled Sausages with Browned
Parsley Potato Slices
Toast Coffee.

The juice of an orange supplies half the Vitamin C requirement for the day. Potatoes in this menu are parboiled, sliced, browned in a small quantity of fat, seasoned and tossed and smothered with chopped parsley.

COLOR IS STIMULATING. Weave it into the breakfast pattern . . . gay mats made from summer prints, a nosegay of flowers, the color of fruit, the lovely crusty browns of freshly baked bread.

7.

Sauteed Kidneys with a
Browned Tomato Sauce
Apple Bran Flapjacks
with Honey
Tea or Coffee.

The flapjacks must be very hot and flipped from oven top to table . . . may be spiced with cinnamon. This breakfast is a butter saver.

8.

Minted Pineapple Slices
Creamed Tripe with Whole Onion
Toast Coffee.

One pineapple slice to each person. The onions are quite social served this way. Serve the tripe in oven dish, individual or large, with a browned crust of grated cheese on top.

9.

Wheatmeal Porridge
Honey Milk
Poached Egg on Corned Beef Hash
Apple Coffee.

Do you ever serve bread and milk? Sliced wholemeal bread with brown sugar and lemon or orange rind heated with the milk and a spot of butter added to it if it can be spared . . . it's good.

10.

Stewed Apricots
Curried Egg Griddlecakes
with Bacon Rashers
Raisin Toast
Coffee.

Griddlecakes can do the strangest things. These little thin ones are spread with hot curried egg (a good way to extend the ration), rolled and skewered and served with sizzling bacon.

CRUMBED SCRAMBLED EGGS

Half cup soft white breadcrumbs, 1 cup milk, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped onion, ½ teaspoon salt, 4 eggs, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley or 1 dessertspoon chopped mint.

Heat the milk, salt and onions, add the crumbs and stand a few minutes. Whisk eggs and stir into milk and crumbs. Stir over low heat until lightly set; add parsley. Serve at once, very hot, with toast fingers. For 3 to 4.

HAMBURGERS

One pound round steak, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, with or without onion, and 1 dessertspoon mustard.

Mince the steak finely and pound with the seasoning. Shape into flat cakes and shallow-fry in hot fat or grill until browned, turning carefully, about 5 to 7 minutes. May be extended with breadcrumbs. For three to four.

MARMALADE BRAN MUFFINS

One cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 cup bran, 1 egg, 2-3rd cup milk, ½ cup marmalade, 1 tablespoon melted fat.

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt. Stir in bran. Stir in beaten egg and milk, and then quickly and lightly the marmalade and melted fat. Cook in greased patty-tins in a hot oven (400deg. F. to 425deg. F.) for about 25 minutes. Serve freshly made.

APPLE BRAN FLAPJACKS

One cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 cup bran, 1 cup grated apple, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 1 egg (may be omitted), ½ cup milk, 1 tablespoon melted fat.

Sift flour, baking powder, salt. Add bran, apple, and sugar, and stir to a thick batter with beaten egg, milk, and melted fat. Bake in spoonfuls on a hot greased griddle, turning to brown. Delicious with sausages, bacon, or veal rissoles. Or serve with butter and brown sugar, or with honey or marmalade.

Continued on page 31

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4726779

How to

S-T-R-E-T-C-H your meat ration

—by Elizabeth Cooke

No. 30



When it's "too hot to eat"

Notice how the family craves plenty of cool things on hot days? Then here's a must for your summer menu—cheese shape. Served in individual moulds on crisp nests of lettuce it's hot weather fare de luxe—cool as the proverbial cucumber and tasting every bit as good as it looks!

Cheese Shape

1 pint milk, 6 oz. grated Kraft Cheese; 2 tablespoons chopped parsley; 2 teaspoons mixed mustard; salt, pepper, cayenne; 2 dessertspoons gelatine.

Heat milk and cheese, and stir till the cheese is dissolved. Add salt, pepper, cayenne, mustard and parsley. Soak the gelatine in a little cold water, and pour some of the hot mixture on to it; stir till the gelatine is dissolved. Mix all together, and pour into individual wetted moulds to set. Turn out on to lettuce leaves, garnish with sliced tomato, and serve with salad dressing.

Kraft Cheese is a "protective" food; 1 oz. included in the daily diet will give a liberal supply of protein, and will guard against deficiency in calcium, vitamins A and D.

WOMEN

CONFIDENTIALLY, there's no need to suffer those acute periodic pains and distressfeels. Women who know just take a simple Midene tablet in water and avoid being a misery to themselves and to others. Price, 2/- box. Sufficient for several months.

MIDENE

HERE'S A CHANGE!

● This week's collection of prize recipes is certainly varied! Even the family pet is catered for! . . . Send in your latest kitchen creation. Cash prizes awarded every week.



COPY HER! Queenie Ashton, of radio fame, keeps the house free from odors by cooking cabbage shredded in a little water with a knob of fat in a tightly lidded pan. This also preserves green color and Vitamin C.



TRY YOUR HAND at puff pastry. Fill cases with sweet or savory mixtures—delicious if pastry is light and feathery.

TRY the butterfish and mushroom combination for that very special dinner-party—serve it piping hot with crisp Melba toast—your guests will never forget it.

BUTTERFISH AND MUSHROOMS

Four small butterfish, 1 tablespoon butter, ½lb. mushrooms, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, ½ cup stock, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, salt and pepper, ½ cup fine breadcrumbs.

Melt butter in a fireproof dish, add chopped mushrooms, salt and pepper and chopped parsley. Split fish down centre and remove as many bones as possible. Place in dish on top of mushrooms and cover with another layer of mushrooms, parsley, salt and pepper. Add stock and lemon juice and cover with breadcrumbs. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 30 minutes until well browned. Garnish with lemon.

First Prize of £1 to Miss B. Schultz, Box 21, Sheep Hills, Vic.

DOG BISCUITS

One pound wholemeal flour, ½lb. white flour, 1 dessertspoon salt, ½lb. mince meat, cold water.

Put flour into a basin and rub in the mince meat until well covered with flour. Mix to a stiff dough with cold water and roll out on a floured board to ¼in. thickness. Place on a greased oven slide, mark into squares and bake in a slow oven until well browned. Break apart when cool. A tablespoon of cod-liver oil added to the mixture is very good for building puppies' bones.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. T. Wood, 13 Hopkins St., South Burnie, Tas.

FLUFFY BANANA TART

One cooked pastry tart case, 2 tablespoons raspberry jam, 3 bananas, ¼ cup sugar, juice of 1 lemon, 1 egg-white.

Spread pastry case with the jam, mash bananas and gradually add sugar and lemon juice. Beat well until mixture is fluffy. Add stiffly beaten egg-white. Pile on top of jam in pastry case and cook 10 minutes in a very moderate oven.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. E. Webb, Post Office, Tea Gardens, N.S.W.

"Wouldn't it slay you!"



—say the flies and mosquitoes

and it does!

Mortein kills 'em stone dead!

When buying insect spray insist on

MORTEIN

When you're on a good thing—stick to it!

LAWRENCE LEONG

Ph.C. (Hongkong), M.P.S. (Sydney), F.C.S. (London)

Manufacturing and Consulting

CHINESE HERBALIST

Leading in Australia

Send Stamped and Addressed Envelope for Free "DISEASES AND REMEDIES" Booklet

Challis House, Martin Place, Sydney.

Telephone: B2921

BOVRIL



is on active service

Bovril is being supplied to the forces in every theatre of war. Owing to wartime conditions, you may find difficulty in obtaining Bovril in your district, but supplies will be renewed as soon as possible. In the meantime remember that Bovril is highly concentrated, so use what you have with economy. A little can be made to go a long way.

BOVRIL PUTS BEEF INTO YOU



CATARRH

HAY FEVER, 'FLU, CHRONIC COLDS, BRONCHITIS BRONCHIAL ASTHMA, ANTRUM AND SINUS TROUBLES

These distressing complaints are all caused by germs in the bloodstream, and lasting relief can only be obtained by defeating these germs. Vaxos No. 1 is an oral vaccine (a vaccine which, instead of being injected, is simply taken a few drops each day in water, by mouth), and is produced under Government licence by an eminent physician. Upon absorption into the bloodstream Vaxos quickly sets to work destroying the attacking germs and neutralising the poisons created by them, with the result that the patient soon feels brighter, headaches and body pains vanish, and health steadily improves. With continued treatment immunity to the disease is established for up to two years. Vaxos is perfectly safe, even for children and elderly people to take. Don't continue to suffer needlessly; obtain Vaxos from your chemist to-day.

TWO OTHER VAXOS TREATMENTS

Vaxos No. 2 (Warren Crowe Type) for Rheumatism, Neuritis, Sciatica, Myositis, Fibrositis, Lumbago, and Spondylitis.

Vaxos No. 3 for Boils, Pimples, Carbuncles, Acne, Psoriasis, Dermatitis, Eczema, Impetigo, Septic Sores, and most Skin Infections.

EACH TREATMENT IN TWO SIZES

Large Size (24 c.cs.) 6 weeks' treatment for Chronic Cases **21/-**

Medium Size (15 c.cs.) 3 weeks' treatment for Acute Cases **12/6**

VAXOS No 1 ORAL VACCINE

If your chemist is out of stocks write to:

VACCINE PRODUCTS (AUST.), 584 Little Collins Street, Melbourne, C.1.

MAKES HARDWORKING HANDS SOFT & SMOOTH



QUICK ACTING

HINDS

HONEY & ALMOND

CREAM

For HONEYMOON HANDS

Take a bottle wherever you go. There's a handbag size for your convenience for only 1/1.

Breakfast briefs

Continued from page 30

EVERY man, woman, and child needs a real meal at breakfast time.

* * *

BREAKFAST should be hearty enough to keep you pepped up until midday. That vaguely faint and famished feeling at mid-morning is not natural . . . it's a blot on the escutcheon of the menu-maker.

* * *

FRUIT—fresh, preserved, dried, or juice—should be part of the breakfast menu pattern. Citrus fruits are the most valuable; don't strain the juice. Tomatoes are included here.

* * *

THE day's requirement of the Vitamin B complex, the tonic vitamin, is hard to meet without the wholegrain breakfast cereal (oatmeal, wheatmeal, ready-to-eat restored breakfast cereals).

Don't quit—KEEP BUYING WAR SAVINGS BONDS

SAXA *The most popular packet salt*

YOU'LL GET IT AGAIN—WHEN PEACE COMES.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4726780

Recipe for Health

THE SHINING SUN
THE OPEN SEA
AND ARNOTT'S MILK
ARROWROOT BISCUITS



Arnott's

FAMOUS

MILK ARROWROOT
BISCUITS

THE FIRST FAVOURITE OF EVERY CHILD—EASY TO CARRY—EASY TO SERVE

Buy War Savings Certificates and National Savings Stamps

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4726781